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OCTOBER, 1957

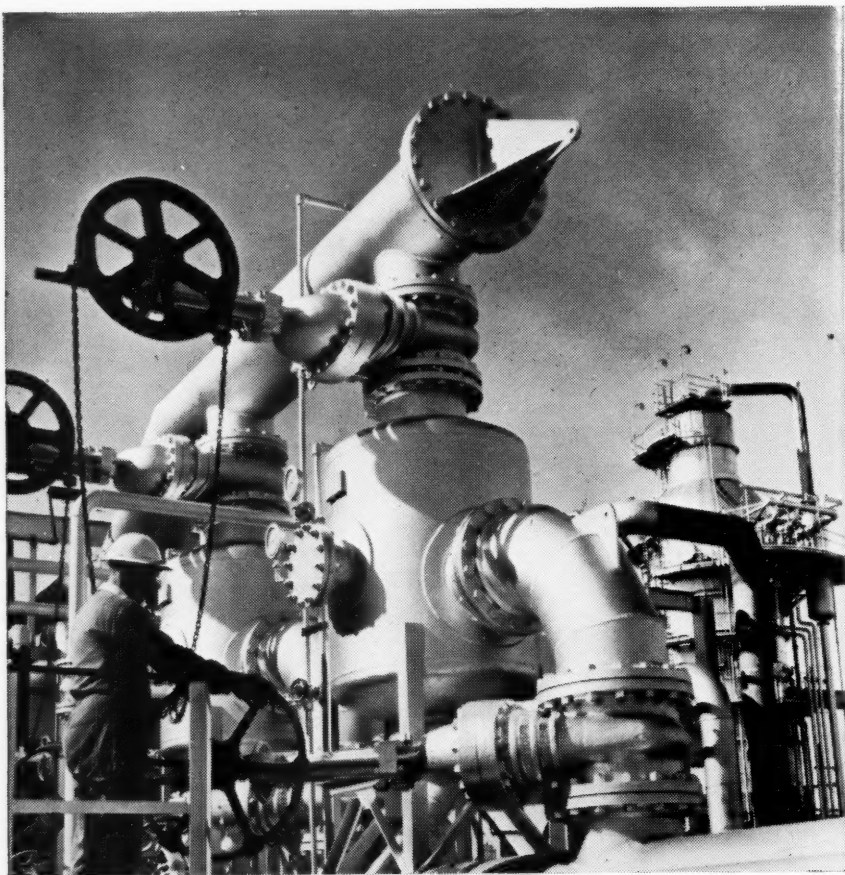
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By **David Butler**

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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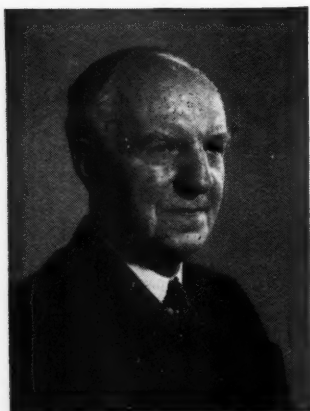
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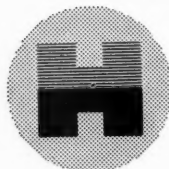
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

THIS is the season of Party Conferences, and Tory delegates have no cause for jubilation as they converge upon Brighton. The past year has been among the blackest in the Party's annals, and the recent bye-election at Gloucester has shown that the public is in no mood to forgive or forget. The mystique of Tory pre-eminence in the art of diplomacy has been shattered by an act for which most members of the present Cabinet, including Mr. Macmillan, were no less responsible than Sir Anthony Eden or Mr. Antony Head. If the doctrine of Cabinet responsibility is still in force (and no one has said that it is not) all these men should now be in the deepest retirement, writing their memoirs. The fact that they are still in office, brazenly asserting, against all the evidence, that what they did was right, is a degradation of our public life and the largest single obstacle to any Tory revival worth the name.

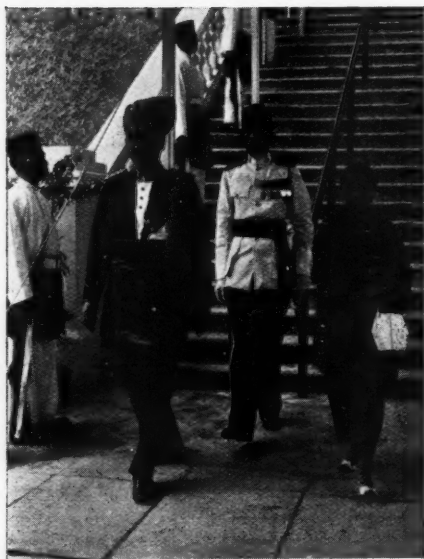
It is not, however, on foreign affairs alone that the British people have lost confidence in the Government. In economic matters, too, their faith has been shaken, and the sudden increase in Bank rate to 7 per cent. will have done nothing to restore it, though we can only hope this drastic step may have a more reassuring effect externally. The danger is that speculation against the pound will continue until the problem of inflation in this country is firmly tackled; and it is idle to think that an increase in Bank rate will stop inflation at home.

The Government must have a co-ordinated policy for dealing with the problem. Building control should be imposed—better late than never. There should be an autumn Budget, in which further sacrifices should be demanded of the higher income groups, as a temporary, emergency measure. The main purpose of this would be psychological, not economic. If the trade unions are to be convinced that wage restraint is necessary, or if they cannot be convinced and a struggle with them becomes inevitable, it is essential that the Government should not be open to the charge of unfairness. There is indeed no painless cure for inflation, and the pain must therefore be equitably shared.

There must be no further drift. Having set the stage, the Government must not be afraid to face a General Strike, or a General Election, or both.

After Gloucester

THE Gloucester result was a smashing vote of no confidence in the Government—that is the long and the short of it. Mr. Francis Dashwood did his best, but there is a limit to what any candidate can do when he is defending a bad record. The result was clearly *not* a vote of confidence in the Socialists, who merely reaped the benefit of Tory disgruntlement; nor was it a vote of confidence in the Liberals, whose determination to put a



Keystone.

MALAYA'S PARAMOUNT RULER IS INSTALLED.

horde of candidates into the field at the next Election can only have the effect of giving the Socialists an undeservedly large majority in the next Parliament. The relatively high Liberal poll at Gloucester is of course a very poor guide to Liberal prospects at a General Election, when voters have to decide for one or other of two possible Governments; but it is safe to assume that Liberal candidates would take more votes from Conservatives than from Socialists. Mr. Grimond is betraying the liberal cause by continuing to lead a miscellaneous rabble of independents who can never hope to govern. He and many of his colleagues could exercise a valuable and progressive influence within the two-party system. Instead they are confusing our politics as the Irish did in the last century, though they lack the singleness of purpose that the Irish at least could claim.

Mr. Macmillan's answer to Gloucester was to appoint Lord Hailsham Chairman of the Conservative Party and to recall Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd from the wilderness to take over the vital Ministry of Educa-

tion. The former choice was mistaken, the latter incomprehensible. Lord Hailsham is a brilliant and full-blooded man, but his judgment is fatally defective; Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd is a piece of political machinery, now rusty and fit only for scrap. As Minister of Education, Lord Hailsham failed to do the right thing (reform the public schools) but was at least entertaining; Mr. Lloyd, we suspect, will also fail to do the right thing, but will provide no entertainment.

And there has been no change at the Foreign Office or the Commonwealth Relations Office. Ye gods!

Independent Malaya

ON August 31 the Federation of Malaya achieved full self-government within the Commonwealth, and the Duke of Gloucester was present to wish the new nation well. In addition to balancing the old Dominions with the new—a notable event in itself—Malaya creates a precedent in that she is a constitutional monarchy owing her allegiance, not to the Queen, but to her own Paramount Ruler, the Yang-di-Pertuan Agong. Having accepted the principle of republics within the Commonwealth, it would not have been logical to reject the idea of additional constitutional monarchs, also within the Commonwealth.

The transfer of power in Malaya has taken place with extraordinary smoothness. On this occasion, it was Britain which forced the pace; a date was set by Mr. Lennox-Boyd well in advance of anything suggested by the Malayan leaders, and the Colonial Secretary obviously felt, not only that there was nothing more that we had to teach, but that the best hope of solving the outstanding problems in Malaya—particularly the Communist revolt—would be found within the framework of self-government. Certainly there is nothing which will disprove more conclusively the claim of the Malayan Communist Party that it has been fighting for the independence of Malaya than the fact that this independence has been obtained, not only

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

without their help, but despite their military opposition.

The Yang-di-Pertuan Agong, in opening the Malayan Parliament, laid down certain conditions for surrender. These were very generous to the Communists who, we must hope, together with their sponsors, the Peking Government, will now see fit to call off this squalid war.

Oddly enough, the Communist menace is not the main danger threatening the new State. This lies in the communal question, and the almost equal strength of the two main elements of population, the Malays and the Chinese. The alliance between the two, formed mainly in order to achieve independence, has now taken over the Government, but its survival under present circumstances cannot be expected. Yet with any luck, before the alliance breaks up, it will have been found possible to form political parties in Malaya on a basis of social, not racial, disagreements.

Turbulent Ghana

THE dangers of racial division in a new State have never been better illustrated than in the case of Ghana. There, the high hopes with which independence was greeted six months ago have been temporarily dissipated by strife between Dr. Nkrumah and an Opposition which is based mainly on tribal loyalties. This strife has led to actions by the Prime Minister which, if not actually unconstitutional, are certainly not in keeping with normal democratic practice. A journalist, once a fervent admirer and biographer of Dr. Nkrumah, who ventured to criticize his attitude towards the Northern Territories and Ashanti, was promptly deported to Sierra Leone. Two Muslim leaders, threatened with deportation to Nigeria, claimed that they were Ghanaian citizens, and were told that they could test the matter in the Courts. When they tried to do so, a special Bill was rushed through Parliament to make it possible for them to be summarily deported before the Court had time to hear the matter. As the Court had discharged the injunction preventing them from being taken outside its jurisdic-

tion, solely on an undertaking being given by the Crown counsel that nothing would be done until the Court had decided the matter, this was a serious breach of faith for which there could be no possible excuse.

Even worse was to follow. A writ for contempt of court was issued against Mr. Ian Colvin, special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* and a highly respected journalist, arising out of articles written about the earlier deportation cases. After acrimonious scenes in court between Mr. Geoffrey Bing, the newly-appointed Attorney-General, and Mr. Christopher Shawcross, Mr. Colvin's counsel, the case was thrown out and Mr. Colvin was awarded 250 guineas costs because, the court ruled, it had no jurisdiction. When Mr. Colvin attempted to leave Ghana for Nigeria the following day with Mr. Shawcross, he was stopped at the airport, though Mr. Shawcross was allowed to proceed. Subsequently, after writs for slander had been issued by Mr. Colvin, the *Daily Telegraph*, and other interested parties against the Ghanaian authorities and the police, Mr. Colvin was allowed to leave on his giving an undertaking that he would return to answer further charges.

Before either Mr. Colvin or Mr. Shawcross returned, an order was made by the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Edusei, banning Mr. Shawcross from Ghana. As his only crime was that he secured heavy costs against the Ghana Government, the implication must necessarily be that this action was taken in order to deprive a defendant of the best legal advice.

The position of Mr. Bing in all this is problematic. As Attorney-General, he operates more in the capacity of a Civil Servant than in that of a Minister, and he must be acquitted of being personally involved in the breach of faith regarding the deportations. But he has the ear of Dr. Nkrumah, and cannot escape responsibility for subsequent developments. His part in the business is not consonant with the traditions of the English Bar.

Every allowance must be made for the difficult situation in which Dr. Nkrumah finds himself, with an Opposition antago-



LITTLE ROCK: WHITES JEER AT A NEGRO STUDENT.

A.P.

nistic to the whole conception of Ghana. Yet both he and the Opposition accepted the settlement reached last March, and the Ghanaian Government should realize that tyrannical behaviour such as has been seen during the last few months is a gift to the present Government of South Africa, which maintains that the African is incapable of self-government. We absolutely repudiate this view, but will at the same time on no account condone measures which are both dictatorial and unjust—in Ghana any more than in Cyprus, South Africa, or the U.S.A.

Colour Crisis in America

GOVERNOR ORVILLE FAUBUS of Arkansas confronted President Eisenhower, on the highly charged question of school integration, with a challenge which he could not ignore. By calling out the National Guard to prevent Negro children from going to school with Whites, the Governor was not only defying an order of the Federal Court, later reiterated, but also encouraging all those elements in the South which had been waiting for a lead of this kind. The fact that this incident took place in a border State was all the more disquieting; if it could happen in

Arkansas, what would happen when the Federal Government tried to enforce integration in Mississippi or Louisiana?

In this crisis, President Eisenhower has shown great tact and statesmanship. It lay in his power, at the expense of domestic peace, to capture the whole Negro vote for the Republican Party. Armed action against the State Government of Arkansas would have achieved this, and the effect on party prospects in the United States for decades to come might have been decisive. But the price would have been too high, and the President has sagely refused to pay it.

New Russian Rocket

THE announcement from Moscow that the Soviet Union has succeeded in testing an inter-continental ballistic missile has given rise to more alarm and despondency than is really justified. For one thing, the rocket has only been tested; it is not yet in production, nor is it likely to be for some years. Anyway, we in this country have been living under the shadow of annihilation by Russian rockets—a fate which was specifically threatened by Premier Bulganin last autumn—for many years, and whether one is blown to eternity

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

by a long-range or by a short-range rocket makes no significant difference. The fact that the Americans are now living under the same threat as ourselves is also largely irrelevant, because their power to retaliate is based on their strategic air bases outside their own homeland, and they will still be able to strike back. The atomic stalemate will therefore continue, though this new development by the Russians does re-emphasize the need for disarmament.

It is in this connection that the Russian missile test has had a deplorable effect. Whether or not the Soviet Government ever had any intention of reaching an agreement on disarmament at the present series of talks is debatable, but certainly some progress had been made. This progress was brutally ended by Mr. Zorin immediately the announcement of the development of the rocket had been made. The composite Western proposals were turned down out of hand, without any reference to Moscow, which can only mean that the Soviet delegate had instructions to reject any Western Plan, no matter what it might be. British politicians of both parties may now at last—and too late—be beginning to see what fools they were to enter into a competitive disarmament race at home, especially in regard to National Service, before there had been any agreement to disarm in the world.

Adenauer's Triumph

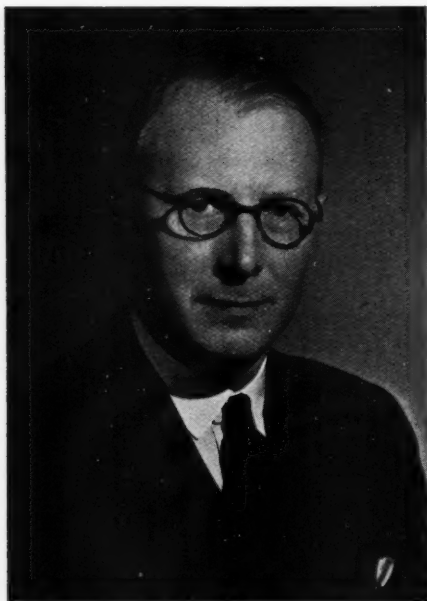
THAT the Christian Democrats would emerge as the largest party from the Federal German elections was expected by all. But the size of the victory has caused politicians all over the world to pay more or less grudging and uneasy homage to an undoubted master of the game—Konrad Adenauer. At the age of eighty-one, after eight years in power, when it might have been thought that his Government would be suffering from stagnation, he has routed the Opposition and gained an even larger majority than before.

The reasons for the Christian Democrat victory are diverse. The old political maxim that "You don't shoot Santa Claus" undoubtedly played a big part;

the average German, reflecting on his own and his country's position only twelve years after total defeat, may well have felt that this was no time to change direction. The magnetism of the Chancellor's own personality, compared with the colourless Socialist leader, Ollenhauer, also figured prominently. The Socialists had already abandoned most of the principles in domestic affairs which distinguished them from the Christian Democrats, and the one issue—that of foreign policy—which divided them from the Government was effectively undermined from Moscow. Whether the Communists actually wanted an Adenauer victory will always be a matter of conjecture, but certainly they acted in the most effective way to ensure it.

The smaller parties are fading rapidly from the scene. The German Party, with seventeen seats, owes its representation solely to the kindness of the Chancellor in allowing them a ride on his coat-tails, while the Free Democrats have certainly not profited from their split with Adenauer. They have secured forty-one seats—only one by direct election—but their share of the vote has declined by 2 per cent., and their hopes of maintaining the balance of power and bargaining for office have been completely shattered. None of the other small parties secured a seat, and Germany seems to be moving inexorably towards a two-party system.

Fortified by an increased majority, it is highly unlikely that the Chancellor will think of stepping down. The incredible old man maintains that he has already had his retirement, and it would seem to be his intention to leave the Palais Schaumburg only when he is carried out in a coffin. A slightly more dynamic policy may now be expected of him, in particular with regard to relations with the East. It would be too much to expect any German politician publicly to admit what they all know in their hearts to be true, that the Oder-Neisse line—or something very near it—will eventually be the Eastern frontier of a united Germany. But the Chancellor may well feel himself able to make advances towards the Poles, and he will certainly be pressed by the business-men,



SIR JOHN WOLFENDEN.

Camera Press.

who helped him to win the election, to reopen the trade negotiations with the Soviet Union which collapsed last month.

Human Nature and the Law

THE long-awaited Report of the Wolfenden Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution was published in September, and aroused much discussion. In general, it deserves to rank among the best and most enlightened documents of its kind, though it suffers from the turgidity of phrase which is the bane of all official literature.

Its two main recommendations are that there should be higher fines for soliciting, and that the co-habitation of consenting males over the age of twenty-one should no longer be a criminal offence. The first of these would undoubtedly be welcome to a large majority of citizens. Prostitution cannot be stamped out by means of the Law, nor should it be condoned by the Law. A middle course has to be found between the banning of all promiscuity except in State-licensed brothels and the

almost total *laissez-faire* which is now in operation. The Wolfenden proposals are an honest attempt to find such a middle course. There is a limit to what the State can do; religion and civilization must do the rest.

More controversial, of course, is the suggestion that homosexuality should be "tolerated" when practised between grown-ups. On this subject reason is apt to be submerged by the worst sort of emotion. The word "unnatural" is used to describe a phenomenon which should more accurately be termed "abnormal." Any activity into which human beings are impelled by their natures, rather than by deliberate intellectual choice, is *ipso facto* natural. According to this criterion homosexuality is no less natural than heterosexuality; and there is, in fact, no legal sanction against Lesbians. Public indecency, assault, and the corruption of youth, must always be very severely punished—a point which is fully recognized by the Wolfenden Committee. But the case for an easing and rationalization of the Law in regard to male homosexuals would seem to be overwhelming.

The argument used against this proposal is that adult male homosexuals are not merely perverts but, so to speak, prophets. It is seriously alleged that they are a threat to the virtue, indeed to the survival, of the race, in that they seek to win over unsuspecting heterosexuals to their degenerate way of life. This is a remarkably far-fetched theory. If people's instincts lead them naturally into heterosexual behaviour, it is surely most unlikely that they will succumb to the blandishments of a homosexual. If such a man, filled with proselytizing zeal, were to burst into some Palais de Danse at the height of the evening's revelry, and preach to those present in the accents of a Peter the Hermit or a Billy Graham, how many couples would dissolve under the impact of his oratory?

Sibelius

FEW artists have come nearer to reality than Jean Sibelius, who died on September 20. It is a great mistake to classify him as a romantic nationalist.

Episodes of the Month

Though he was deeply attached to his country, and was treated for most of his life as its musical laureate, his best work is astonishingly free from subjective pollution. Compressed and wordless, it is in stark contrast with that of Wagner, for instance, though it lacks none of his power.

Of course it has a "Northern" quality; this is undeniable. But in his tone-poems, of which *Tapiola* is perhaps the finest, he cannot be said to describe scenery and natural phenomena in the way that Vaughan Williams seeks to describe them in his *Sinfonia Antartica*. Sibelius was not a writer of programme music. His work achieves a detachment which, though not at all abstract, is largely impersonal; and at times the music seems to be itself a manifestation of Nature. As one listens to *Tapiola*, it is hard to believe that a human being composed it or that human beings are performing it.

Characteristically Sibelius once said: "Others can provide cocktails; I serve only plain water." This was true, but the water which he gave us was neither dull nor insipid. It was the pure cold water of a mountain stream, more stimulating than any cocktail. His memory will be cherished in this country, where his genius has for long been recognized and admired.

Crossbow

A NEW and important political quarterly is making its debut. *Crossbow* will be the journal of the Bow Group, which, by its pamphlets and other activities, has already shown that the younger generation of Conservatives is prepared to face contemporary problems honestly and without prejudice.

The fact that the Prime Minister is giving *Crossbow* his blessing should on no account be taken to mean that the new organ is a successor to the official Tory Party magazine *Onward*, recently defunct. *Crossbow* is the voice of the Bow Group, not of Downing Street or Abbey House. As such we wish it all success.

NEXT MONTH

Articles on the Tory Party and its policy, with special reference to the Welfare State and Taxation, by Peter Kirk, M.P., Geoffrey Howe and Patrick Jenkin; also a Socialist's view of the Tory Party, by Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P.

"Impressions of Tunisia"
by Kenneth Rose

C. M. Woodhouse on
"Glubb Pasha"

Canon C. E. Raven on
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PUNCH-DRUNK PARLIAMENT

By TAPER

MOST people interested in politics (a decreasing number, for reasons which I hope to make clear) sooner or later visit the House of Commons. It is, undeniably, a fascinating spectacle. They may only be discussing the Draft Ancillary Dental Workers Regulations, 1957, the purpose of which, as the Minister explained (though he called it the nub), is to establish a class of ancillary dental workers to be called dental hygienists; but there is something exciting about the green leather, the knee-breeched Serjeant-at-Arms (not that the public can see him from their perch), the comings and goings, the bewigged and majestic Mr. Speaker, still wide awake even at this time of night, the gleaming Mace (the popular impression that it is solid gold is, I fear, incorrect; some of these fellows would chip bits off and take them home if it were), the Table and the feet on it, the Box and the elbows on it, the quaint and in many ways moving ritual, the to, the fro, the cheers, the counter-cheers, the law's delay, the insolence of office, the proud man's contumely, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes. (The pangs of dispriz'd love are less in evidence, but they are there none the less.)

But there are also the Members. The occasional visitor's impression of them varies, as is only natural, very widely. If the spectator is lucky, he may see a bowed, shaky figure making his way to the first seat below the gangway on the front Government bench; this is the Member for Woodford, and we shall not look upon his like again. If the visitor is less lucky, he may see a man with an extraordinarily wide space between the end of his nose and his upper lip, talking nonsense about foreign policy, a subject on which (as speedily becomes all too clear) he has only the most rudimentary grasp. This is

Commander Noble, who is Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. If the visiting fireman is still less lucky, he may see a gaunt figure, Brünnhilde without the bust, plodding through a valley of dry bones, and not an Ezekiel in sight. This is Dr. Edith Summerskill. And if the looker-on is very unlucky indeed, he may see a plump, greying man, with spectacles and a vacant expression, making a speech on the wrong amendment, and pause to wonder whether this Member is really as ridiculous as he sounds. It is Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, and he is.

But clearly no really valid impression of the House of Commons can be gained from a single visit. Since the beginning of this year, it has been my fortune to attend the House of Commons regularly, three or four times a week and for several hours a day. It may be, of course, that this experience is almost as insufficient, as a basis for judgment, as the single visit; there are those who have been there for thirty years and more, yet declare that they are still making up their minds. But perhaps familiarity breeds tolerance; be that as it may, some impressions stand out which it will take all the perfumes of Arabia to sweeten.

The first thing that strikes anyone who spends a considerable amount of time observing the House of Commons at work and play is the almost incredibly bad manners of the Tory Party. The anthropoid noises that they can produce when they have a mind to are in themselves sufficient explanation of why they will never permit the proceedings of Parliament to be broadcast, let alone televised. Oddly enough, the brutal and licentious soldiery of the Labour Party are, in this respect at least, far more civilized; but they are far more plentifully supplied with men of wit quick enough to hurl an indi-

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vidual barb, and therefore far less in need of the dawn chorus to shout an opponent down. The Labour Party's equivalent fault (it is probably an occupational disease of Oppositions) is its tendency to put on elaborate displays of mock-indignation; whenever any Minister announces a cut in a subsidy or an increase in the charge for some welfare service the Opposition explodes in an imitation of Dickensian fury loud enough to put an attacking band of Cherokees to shame. And he who has not heard Mr. Harold Wilson, with tears on his cheek and his tongue in it, accusing the Government of "taking it out of the kids" has not yet explored the lower depths of which the House of Commons is capable.

These are far from being the blackest sins of our legislators; but I put them first not only because they are the first impressions a regular visitor receives, but because they seem to exemplify, in an easily definable form, the deeper malaise from which the House of Commons is suffering. For whom, when they yell and bawl at one another, do they imagine they are impressing? They are certainly not having any effect on their opponents, who are only awaiting their turn to yell and bawl back. They are not impressing the public in the gallery, who have seen more convincing displays at feeding-time in the London Zoo, where at any rate there is an obvious logical purpose behind the noise. They are not impressing the country at large, because the country at large is indifferent to their goings-on. And they are certainly not impressing me. What they are in fact doing is to repeat a set of gestures that a dim, Jungian memory prompts them to; just as, come election time, they parrot the clichés which they do not understand and indeed hardly realize they are repeating. The House of Commons has frozen, like a lost Alpine climber in a glacier, into a grotesque and meaningless attitude, and something had better be done about it.

But what? For it is not only the outward and visible behaviour of the Members which is so deplorable. It is, first, the level of fatuous triviality on which

most of them live, think and work; and second, the lack of political, intellectual and indeed moral stature which bedevils both parties, corrodes the political life of the nation and seriously weakens the foundations of democratic Government.

These are grave charges, and grave charges require evidence. On the first charge—the triviality—so many examples rush to mind that the only difficulty is in the selection. Here, however, is one, picked for its representative quality. It comes from the Opposition side of the House, but this is nothing to the point; Labour Members do not have a monopoly of the habit of wasting the House's time.

When Mr. John Junor was being arraigned at the Bar of the House (the entire episode was, of course, a perfect illustration of my point), one or two Members suggested that the matter should be pursued no further. Sir Beverley Baxter asked whether it was necessary for the House to go through the whole of "this medieval pantomime." Immediately, Mr. Ellis Smith was on his feet; Mr. Smith sits for Stoke, and his lack of a sense of humour is so extreme that it seems to hover above him like an aura. Mr. Smith, with a fine show of indignation, insisted that Sir Beverley withdraw so un-Parliamentary an expression. The Speaker wearily directed that this should be done, and Sir Beverley then substituted the phrase "medieval drama." (Incidentally, this business of "withdrawing" a remark that has been made, as if it was thereby unsaid, is not the least childish aspect of the way the House of Commons manages its affairs.) Mr. Smith—I cannot be accused of making this up, since it is all on record in the sober grey columns of *Hansard*—then rose again, puffing himself up like a turkey-cock in a chicken run, to insist that Sir Beverley withdraw the whole thing. He then sat down with a self-satisfied nod. Gravely, the Speaker (who is unfortunately debarred from putting people like Mr. Smith across his knee, much as he would no doubt like to, and giving them what-for with the business side of a hairbrush) said that there was

nothing derogatory in calling the proceedings of the House either medieval, which many of the House's customs were (cheers from a number of Members), nor dramatic, which ditto (ditto). The House then resumed. The dreadful thing about the incident is that nobody seemed in any way put out by the fact that Mr. Smith's behaviour had been that of some seven-year-old child whom a doting aunt had once unwisely called clever in its presence.

Now this kind of triviality may not seem important; but the corrupting element in it is that it is not confined to a few of the sillier Members, nor is it something which is only occasionally to be observed. It is widespread and frequent, and leads the regular visitor to the House of Commons to the conclusion that the quality of the present membership is dangerously low. A melancholy, and remarkably precise, index to this phenomenon can be gained from a study and collation of the matters raised as "points of order." One of the most salient features of undergraduate and indeed school debating societies is the amount of time wasted by the members' rising to make foolish, irrelevant and time-consuming remarks, prefaced with the phrase "On a point of order." In the young, who have not fully learnt mental discipline, this is readily excusable, but in the House of Commons it is not; yet it is a matter of observable fact that more than three-quarters of the "points of order" raised are immediately ruled not to be points of order at all by the Speaker.

Now the low intellectual quality of so many Members, which is grimly and speedily borne home to anyone who listens to them for any length of time, is bad enough; but it may well be argued—Gilbert's sentry argued it most cogently—that if they were all men of intellect matters would be even worse, since although the debates would be of a rather higher standard, no business would ever be completed. It is an interesting point of view; but when we come to extend the criticism of the House of Commons from the Members' brains to their spines, there is no corresponding ready-made excuse. And it is in this part of the House's

anatomy that the microbes have taken the firmest hold and bred most prolifically.

The power of the party machines over the Members of the House of Commons is perhaps the most deplorable single feature of British political life to-day, and the way in which it has grown is similarly the least prepossessing feature of the last three decades or so of our political history. Now and again this evil power is brought sharply to the attention of the public, as in the virtual banning from the B.B.C. of the television programme "In the News" by the party managers, on the grounds that, although the balance as between Labour and Conservative was scrupulously observed, the protagonists could be held not to represent exactly the official line of their respective parties. But for the most part the chariot wheels to which the helpless prisoners are bound revolve in silence and obscurity. Most of them, of course, have no objection, or there would ere now have been a defenestration or two in the Whips' rooms. The feeling of relief experienced by a man of no great character when he finds someone who will take from him the burden of making decisions for himself is great; but I feel bound to suggest that the quite staggering lack of any kind of independence of thought, let alone action, which is exhibited by the House of Commons is not only harmful to the few men of individuality and political integrity that it contains. It is harmful—much more harmful—to the country. It is true that the pressure towards conformity does not come exclusively from the top; constituency associations, both of the Labour and Conservative Parties (which seem, incidentally, to be composed of the most stupid people in the country) have, with a few honourable exceptions, a record of ignorant bigotry every bit as bad as the national leadership. But whatever the causes, there is a frighteningly small number of M.P.s who are willing to say anything that will offend their leaders, an even smaller number who are willing to *do* anything similarly offensive, and a still smaller number who, while willing both to speak and act as mind and conscience, rather than political expedi-

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ency, dictate, have any significant influence on the fortunes or directions of their parties or the political life of the country. (I can think, in fact, of only one.)

Ultimately, no doubt, the electorate is at fault. It has demonstrated that it will vote only for animals with the appropriate brand-mark on their hind-quarters (though there have been one or two signs in recent years that this is beginning to be less true than it was), and the alternative, for an M.P., to going meekly into the dip is the lonely walk to the political abattoir. But it seems to have escaped notice that there are more ways than one of killing a cat; an M.P. can commit political suicide by conforming himself into a tick on a Whip's list just as easily as he can by nonconforming himself out of Parliament altogether; and although theology is no part of my province, I cannot forbear to point out that the former method of suicide is more likely, in my view, to be followed by damnation.

Is it possible to do anything about this wretched state of affairs? Many of the solutions put forward seem to me wide of the mark. Certainly M.P.s must be properly paid, and the physical conditions in which they work improved; but it was not lack of money nor cramped conditions that drove men as different as Christopher Hollis and Stanley Evans out of Parliament. It was the fact that there was no scope for men of their independence of mind and spirit within the party game as the House of Commons played it. Nor is a rearrangement of the House's procedure, with new kinds of committees and new ways of apportioning time, really relevant. What we have to deal with is the quality of the Members, and all the committees that have ever sat or ever will sit are not going to change that.

What *may* change it is a different attitude on the part of political leaders. One of the few faults that the present Prime Minister seems to share with his predecessor is his apparent reluctance to do anything to keep his yahoos in check. He has raised no finger in defence of Mr. Nigel Nicolson, nor of Sir Frank Medlicott, nor of any of the eight Suez

rebels who rebelled the other way. Can he really not see that the fact that these Members disagree with him and his policies is but a trivial matter compared to the harm he is doing by refusing to tolerate and indeed actively defend the one thing common to them all; independence of mind? And on the other side matters are as bad. True, some of the Labour Party's expulsions have been justified; clearly, Communists like Mr. Pritt and Mr. Platts-Mills could not be allowed to remain in the party. But the general atmosphere of intolerance and conformity is, if anything, worse in the Opposition.

Now to look to Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Gaitskell, both of whom enjoy at the moment, whatever the future may bring, the almost undivided allegiance of their Parliamentary parties, for a lead in bringing about a reduction in the pressures exerted by their own party machines, may seem rather like asking the condemned man to throw the lever which works the trap. A party leader is the product of the party machine; he depends on it for his continued existence as desperately as any Roman Emperor did on the Praetorian Guard. But it is from the top that the change must come. The object, after all, is to improve the quality of the House of Commons; to ensure that men of ability and distinction, but more importantly of independence of thought and character, go there in larger and larger numbers. Only the party leaders can, by definition, give a lead; it is useless to expect the local associations to do so, since they, if anything, are even more concerned than the Whips with making sure that their Members have supple spines and necks that will fit comfortably into the yoke. But apart from a firm hand from on high, what is most urgently needed is for those Members who retain some traces of independence to make a great deal more noise a great deal more often. Much could be done, for instance, by the Tory abolitionists; there were over forty of them, it will be recalled, and although their support for the ending of capital punishment carried (since a free vote was allowed) no more formal dangers

than a clash with their constituency associations and falling foul of the vindictively long memory of the Chief Whip, their demonstration needed, and they displayed, high courage. It may well be that in this group there lies the seed of salvation for our Parliamentary system; for the Whips, all-powerful to an individual M.P., become cringing cowards the moment they are faced with any kind of united action. And a few significant revolts—or even threats of revolts—from more than a tiny handful of Members would suffice to bring about substantial changes in the present deplorable state of affairs.

If anybody is to take any notice of what they are saying, they must speak up. The dangers of public contempt for the legislators they elect have been too well demonstrated in recent years to need rehearsal here. Cromwells do not—and we may be thankful—thrive in our political climate. But Parliament as it is seems to

be anxious to till the soil in such a fashion that one may grow again. It is doubtful if Parliament has been in such low public esteem for very many years; and it may be that only the lack of any intelligent and coherent leaders has prevented the growth of a serious anti-Parliamentary movement. Who knows what might happen if some such force were to appear? We have laughed long at the ineffectual quality of the French legislature, and added “serve them right” to our laughter when Pierre Poujade appeared on the scene. We will laugh the other side of our faces if the next Poujade should be Mister instead of Monsieur; and we will not laugh at all if he should turn out to be of rather more durable material than the French one. And the fact that it has not happened yet is of little comfort to me at least; ripeness is all.

TAPER.

SPAIN: GRAVEYARD OF LIBERALISM

By RAYMOND CARR

NO one who has travelled and talked in Spain, even on a brief holiday, can fail to hear from Spaniards in every walk of life varying degrees of criticism of the present régime. What are the roots of this grumbling? How far does it affect the stability of the régime? No one can give anything more than an approximate answer to this question, and it is such an answer that this article seeks to give.

The discontents of the working class stem from economic hardship and the survival of the régime depends not on their political convictions, which are elementary, but on their economic well-being. It is hard to realize that the Spanish working class has always been and still is dedicated to the single task of getting enough to feed the family.

This year the workers are particularly irritated by what they regard as a breach of faith by the Government. At the last wage rise the Government appeared to pledge itself to hold prices down. The rise has come and the workers feel deceived as their struggle goes on. Yet it would nevertheless be unfair to overlook what the Government has attempted with limited means in the field of agricultural reform—the fundamental reform in Spain. Spaniards now have to recreate the fertility they have themselves destroyed by years of unthinking de-forestation.

The key to increased productivity in a land starved of water is irrigation. With water-barren deserts like the Monegros, through which the traveller hurries on his way from Saragossa to Barcelona, can be

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made to yield bumper crops. Most of the practicable irrigation schemes were planned in the 18th century; some are now going ahead. The Badajoz scheme has settled nearly two thousand families on some of the worst land in Spain—be it noted by a relatively ruthless expropriation of non-improving landlords. The traveller has only to look at a town like Sábada in order to see signs of a new prosperity.

This prosperity, where it exists, flings into violent contrast the forgotten areas. Within a few miles of rich, irrigated lands are, pockets of subsistence agriculture: the mean hill-side strips of wheat, the poor pastures which can never hope for the prosperity which the new tractors, bulldozers and irrigation canals may bring to their neighbours. Combines and threshers pound away in sight of peasants using sickles and threshing with mules. There are obvious contrasts in land ownership. A mile from Peralta, centre of a contented region of irrigated small-holdings, you can see the corn yards of a vast estate where embittered day-labourers feed giant threshing machines.

Thus, in spite of the Government's efforts, production figures to date are disappointing. If olive oil, cotton and sugar figures are impressive, the all-important cereal production (for Spain cannot afford to import wheat) has only just climbed back to the level of the 'twenties. Some of this falling short is due to the excesses of the climate—look at the black, dead olive trees from the last great frost or the parched bad lands from the last drought—some even to the peasant conservatism which slows up the consolidation of labour consuming scattered strips.

The general picture is one of an agricultural economy which can only improve slowly and remains on the whole subject to natural disaster to a degree now unknown in other Western European countries. Beside this is an industrial economy that expands in fits and starts, though with impressive growth in hydro-electric power and engineering industry. Apart from textiles, Spain has still to make her industrial revolution.

Much has been achieved in the way of



Keystone.

DON JUAN CARLOS: HOPE OF THE SPANISH MONARCHISTS.

recovery from the Civil War—a recovery begun at a time when the rest of Europe was powerless to help. Only in 1953–54 did the real national income figure begin to pass the level of 1929. Some of this recovery is reflected in the physical appearance of towns I found almost unrecognizable after a four-year absence from them. Not all the building is of pompous public edifices. There are impressive blocks of workers' houses, the most remarkable achievement of the régime. The social security programme is impressive in concept; it is a fallacy to imagine that only the Left cares for the poor.

Yet the outlook is gloomy. With an unfavourable balance of trade growing rapidly since 1956, with the terms of trade against Spanish exporters, with the peseta falling in the free market—hence the wary traveller's refusal to use traveller's cheques—with an agricultural programme which can only bear fruit in a distant future, a restive working class is a certainty.

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Keystone.

GENERAL FRANCO PRESENTS A TROPHY.

Political alignments are as obscure as economic difficulties are plain.

Spain is a one-party State without the secure enthusiasms of totalitarian States as we know them. It is a policeman's State and a soldier's State rather than a police State or a military despotism. Like the inflated bureaucracy, a host of policemen is at the same time the traditional remedy for under-employment and a means of creating adherents by the Government's pay-roll. All this, combined with the influence of the Church, gives Spain a curiously archaic quality more reminiscent of Restoration Europe in the early 19th century than of modern despotisms.

I will indicate what seem to me the significant political groupings and their component parts in descending order of enthusiasm for the régime.

(1) Those who want the régime to continue with no fundamental change. These are the committed, by conviction, by historical role, by interest. They are the

Army, the Falange—now isolated—together with those sections of the Church which support the régime, e.g. *Opus Dei*. This latter is a Catholic freemasonry with charitable aims and a near stranglehold on official intellectual life. It has won control of academic appointments in many universities where it has concentrated its attention on winning over scientists and technicians. It has failed to win Madrid or Barcelona Universities, but it is a power in places like Murcia and Saragossa. Amongst the committed by interest are those monarchists (perhaps now the majority since the clear statements by Franco and the monarchist leaders) who are willing to accept the "continuity of the régime," i.e. jobs for the Falangists after Franco has handed over to the King and the certain unpopularity this will bring. Whatever the disadvantages, the succession will be secured officially.

It must be noted that some of the historically committed are in a strange position. Franco is nowhere more disliked than in Navarre. Carlist by tradition, Navarre was rewarded for its loyalty in the Crusade by the preservation of the local independence torn from the "rebel" Basque Provinces and Catalonia. Yet the Carlist Club in Pamplona has been closed down for some time.

Franco's genius as a statesman has lain in the careful balancing of these interests—except the monarchists—in his Cabinet reshuffles. Yet the present Government is neutral in character, a collection of personal followers rather than one more rearrangement of the constituent elements of the régime.

(2) Still loyal, but often in very hot water, are those who would like to create some form of independent party, both to provide a non-revolutionary opposition to the régime and in order to appear relatively uncontaminated at the take-over from Franco. The June arrests involved various elements of this group. Some Catholics, led by the Jesuits, are "pulling out" in favour of some sort of independent Christian Democrat party. One of their motives is a desire to combat more

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effectively the noticeable religious indifference, more especially in Catalonia, Aragon and Valencia. Some Right-wing monarchists believe an independent monarchist organization would get the Monarchy off to a better start. Presumably the brother of the Bishop of Malaga, arrested this year, is one of these. At the tail of this group of would-be independents within the régime come repentant Falangists like Ridruejo. It merges into those syndicalist Falangists who wish to make the Falange organization an effective proponent of working-class interests, risking outspoken criticism of the alliance of wealth and political power in Spain, i.e. the State Franco created to save the middle and upper class from a retribution richly earned by its social irresponsibility and its political incompetence. It was the fatuous vanity of this class that Richard Ford contrasted with the dignity of their inferiors. It is to be hoped that experience has taught its members a lesson, for they are the core of the monarchist party—a small minority in the country as a whole. This party, in one form or another, will have a considerable role to play in a new régime.

(3) There is the large class of passive obedience men, from worn-out revolutionaries to those who grumble, but believe that the alternative to Franco is church burning or Communism. These latter include the vast majority of Catalan business men who abhor pettifogging control of their concerns by Madrid bureaucrats. There are many professional men who are politically sceptics, but who are reasonably secure economically. Lawyers and doctors who, by rigging their returns, pay about 3 per cent. income tax and who were impressed when a most distinguished Swedish brain surgeon, who should have known better, reported that many highly paid Swedish doctors sought to emigrate to South America in order to avoid the taxation of a "free" society.

(4) The young and the restless who, with no memory of the Civil War, resent the sterility of the régime, reflected in the quite inconceivable boredom of a Press

devoted to accounts of official receptions. They resent the control of student life by the moribund Falangist student organization—hence their support of the rebel Falangist Ridruejo. Their activities have been the subject of extensive comment outside Spain since the days in which the Rector of Madrid University made his surprising appearance as a dangerous Liberal.

(5) The workers who are not direct beneficiaries of Falangist syndicalism seem to be sourly hostile. The Falange is making serious efforts to escape isolation by becoming a worker's and depressed lower-middle-class party. As a Madrid doctor, favourable to the régime, admitted, "No respectable person belongs to the Falange nowadays." Yet the workers seem to distrust official syndicalism; the most marked feature of the go slow strike in the Asturias was the miners' absolute refusal to use syndicalist machinery. They were brought back to work by a priest! In general it may be said that the régime brings substantial rewards to the docile in the big towns. The Government health service is really effective and there are some magnificent hospitals. In the poorer provinces these services are rudimentary. Those who like to work actively in the syndicates get holidays by the sea or minor official posts—the latter a typically Spanish procedure for gaining at least some adherents.

(6) The mystery of Spanish politics is what has happened to those who are committed to the destruction of the régime root and branch. *Où sont les Rouges d'antan?* Where are the former Anarchists and Communists, and what are they doing? The Government makes the question all the harder to answer by labelling all who express criticism of the régime—be they Right-wing monarchists or conservative republicans—as "reds." This is a stupid move that deceives no one, brings the régime into contempt and hides real dangers from possible conservative allies. Where are the Church-burners of the Levante, Aragon and Catalonia? After prison and exile many are back in the villages where they once burned the

altars; "doing very well," as a Civil Guard told me with some bitterness. What do they think and plan now, these violent men who have a long tradition and training in revolution? What are the feelings now of those who sympathized with the underground *maquis* after 1945? This guerilla movement, before it degenerated into common crime, had the sympathy of many outlying rural areas. In Aragon-Valencia the peasants were rounded up at night into single farms under the eyes of the Civil Guard and driven in lorries to work in the mornings. Pamphlets were distributed, even speeches made.

It is the fear of this unknown quantity of submerged violence that drives so many into the arms of Franco.

There is one caution for those who return to England convinced that no régime can stand up to universal criticism. Criticism of the existing Government has been the hobby and emotional release of Spaniards since the beginning of the 19th century. By this I do not wish to mock at those who suffer or palliate the failure of any Government to tackle secular abuses. I wish merely to warn against taking all stories of discontents *au pied de la lettre*. Navarrese peasants, who will benefit enormously from a recently completed irrigation scheme, could only tell me of its immediate inconveniences. The understandable criticism of those who have not been allocated cheap worker's houses is not compensated by praise from those who have. The very people whose criticism destroyed Primo de Rivera now look on him as the embodiment of a lost Golden Age. Looking at this parallel we can see the comparative strength of Franco's position. Primo alienated the Army to the point of conspiracy, the Church and the conservative classes. In spite of grumbling, Franco can draw on reserves of support denied his predecessor. Catalonia, the political ulcer of every Government, is a case in point. Primo's activities bred a virulent Catalan separatism. Catalan separatism, as opposed to Catalan nationalism, is now dead, though this modified Catalan nationalism is perhaps

the most consistently hostile force in Spain.

Many English liberals refuse to go to Spain "until the Franco régime has been overthrown." I believe that the violent overthrow which these liberals seem ready to tolerate, if not encourage, would be a terrible disaster to Spain and would perhaps bring into power those extremist elements which we can no longer afford to regard with romantic admiration. In 1873 the repentant Castelar told his republican co-religionists that if Spain had to choose between a republic with anarchy and a dictatorship without, she would choose dictatorship. In 1936 and the years that followed many have made this painful choice and resent the circumstances that forced it on them. The most distinguished scholar in my field in Spain once remarked: "If I am offered the choice between horse urine and cat urine I prefer to remain thirsty." His bitterness was reflected in the violence of his utterance.

Finally, the Parliamentary system under the monarchy has been bedevilled in Spain by the exclusive nature of Spanish parties, isolated from the true currents of national feeling, and by their refusal to accept the conventions of tolerance which alone make party government work. Vindictive liberals hounded Maura, a great man who believed in Parliamentary government, to political death. Many intelligent Spaniards have little faith in Parliamentary democracy as a workable alternative at present. Some years ago I was shocked when a Catalan liberal leader, who had suffered imprisonment and exile, told me that what he wanted was rule by a liberal-minded general. Now I am not shocked. The ideal solution may well be a benevolent dictatorship open to criticism, but not at the mercy of party feuds. This solution may appear absurd to English eyes and proven an impossibility by the failure of Primo de Rivera to create a criticizing body. But it must not for these reasons be laughed out of court.

RAYMOND CARR.

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FRESH AIR BEHIND THE CURTAIN

By DESMOND DONNELLY

A RECENT announcement in *The Times* stated that a certain young lady in Poland had been awarded the crown in the first national beauty competition to be held in Poland since the Communist Government came to power. The announcement added that the beauty queen's prize was to be a six weeks' tour of Canada and the United States.

This apparently irrelevant news item in the British Press is symbolic of the slow but portentous change that is going on in Eastern Europe and of which I saw evidence in a recent motor tour of Poland and East Germany. Whereas in Poland the change is largely political, in East Germany there is now greater economic tolerance. The forms and pace of the changes may vary, but in each country the main conclusion is the same—gradually but perceptibly the Cold War appears to be thawing.

The first sign of the changing situation that I encountered in July was on the drive eastwards from Berlin to Warsaw. The Polish frontier guards on the banks of the Oder were as friendly and courteous as they used to be suspicious and formal. For a hundred miles into Poland the children ran waving into the village streets whenever they saw the fluttering Union Jack on my car (which I had taken as a precaution following the lessons of Poznan in 1956). It was a welcome that reminded me of the drive into Paris in 1944 after the break-through in Normandy.

I stopped in Poznan to look in on the International Trade Fair. Here, alas, there appeared to be little change; but later I was to find that Poznan was not typical of Gomulka's Poland. For one thing, the city was bulging with overseas visitors like Blackpool on a Bank Holiday; but, more important, the shadow of last

year's shooting lay darkly across the town and the security forces were taking no chances of a repetition. An interesting sidelight on the arrangements was that the Polish organizers had put the Russian and American delegations all together in two adjacent hotels, so that they could be looked after easily in the event of trouble; whereas the British visitors were scattered throughout the town, many being encouraged to stay in private houses.

In Warsaw, I found many changes from my previous visit of a year ago. A Polish friend of several years' standing, who now occupies an important position in the Foreign Ministry, came to tea with me, but I scarcely recognized him when he arrived at the hotel. He had put on weight and was gay and confident, whereas he used to look drawn and apprehensive. We were able to discuss international politics with a freedom we had never approached before. When I asked him about the main events that had changed the atmosphere in Poland, he stated at once that Krushchev's speech to the Twentieth Congress was the beginning: "But it was the Poznan uprising itself that broke the grip of the Natolins," he added.

In several discussions with different people I was to hear the same view. Further, contrary to the idea generally held in Britain, a significant addition was often made: "It was not the intellectuals but the workers who did it—let's hope that the same workers will now have the patience not to destroy what they have created." My own observations confirmed these opinions; and, so far as the intellectuals are concerned, neither in Poland nor in East Germany are they very different in substance or importance from their Left-wing weekend journal counterparts in Britain.



PART OF THE OVERFLOW CONGREGATION AT A POLISH CHURCH ON CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, 1957.

Wherever I went in Poland, Poznan apart, I found people who spoke with the same candour and freedom as we do here in Britain. Anti-Russianism is so rife that the most anti-American reader of *Tribune*, in the heyday of McCarthyism, now appears like a half-hearted shadow.

An astonishing political maturity has come with the new forthright freedom. Although Poland is a whole nation balanced on the tightrope across the chasm that divides mankind, there is no sign of tension. From the Government itself in Warsaw, down to the miners in Katowice, everyone is conscious of the danger of precipitating another Hungary—and because they realize this, there is a firm calm. It is by no means complacency—far from it, for the immediate dangers are known to everyone. It is rather a grim determination to maintain such normality as is possible.

It is this national realization that is the source of Mr. Gomulka's power. "He's the right man for now," is a common phrase.

The Achilles' heel of the Gomulka regime is the Polish economic situation. Whereas Poland contains most of the factors that go to make a thriving economy, the collapse of the Natolins, who gave the Communist régime its driving force, has left a serious administrative problem. Industrial leadership is lacking. Bureaucracy abounds. Productivity figures are often very poor. Consumer goods are extremely scarce and largely confined to the black market. The most important improvement since Gomulka came to power in October has been in agriculture, and it is significant that the improvement dates from the abandonment of the collectivization drive.

The new Government has decided on four priorities:

(1) Mechanization of the coal industry, aimed at meeting Western Europe's coal deficiency. (2) Farm mechanization, in order to increase production, especially in the thinly populated Oder-Neisse territories, thereby saving imports of grain and other foods. (3) Mechanization of the textile industry, to meet some of the clothing scarcity that prevails amongst the Communist countries. (4) Consumer goods to provide incentives for greater effort and to avert catastrophic inflation.

"But," as one person said to me as I was leaving Warsaw, "it is all a race between Gomulka's short-term credit and its long-term repayment."

* * *

Turning westwards towards Ulbricht's Germany, I came upon a meeting being addressed by Herr Ulbricht himself. As I drove into Frankfurt, there he was haranguing an apathetic crowd on a blitzed site on the river bank, with a hard core of bannered faithful gathered around the platform. Travelling from Poland to East Germany, I found a sharp drop in political interest amongst the ordinary people—for none of the freedom of Poland exists in East Germany. No real opinions were ever volunteered—only the parrot phrases of the régime. So far as I could judge from the way in which these opinions were proffered, and from the

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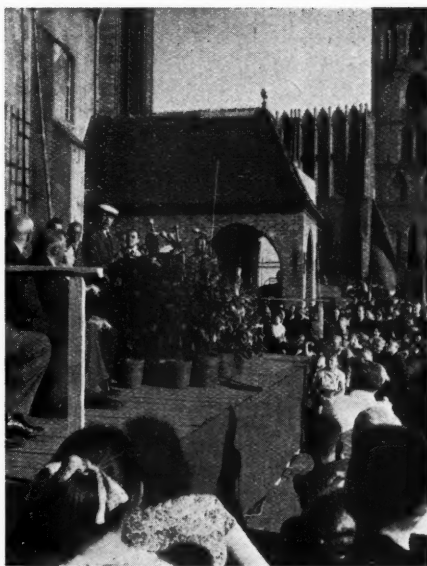
FRESH AIR BEHIND THE CURTAIN

polite reception accorded to Herr Ulbricht at his Frankfurt meeting, nobody really believed in the propaganda any more.

Again, I was to discover that it was the Krushchev speech to the Twentieth Congress that had started the change. But in handling the people of East Germany the East German Communist leaders have been far cleverer in their tactics than were the Natolins in Poland. This is partly because the Ulbricht régime had its warning on June 17, 1953; but it is partly due also to an important difference between the two countries. Since last year, there has been a growing tolerance in East Germany towards capitalist economic methods. Small businesses such as furniture factories, shops and trading concerns, are expanding. Advertising—a once "contemptible bourgeois practice"—is now widespread, even amongst State enterprises.

When I was last in East Germany in 1954, Herr Grotewohl had attached to me an official of the National Front Organization. Throughout my stay this young man was my guide, interpreter—and watchdog. I had the same official as my companion on my recent visit—but, like his régime, he too had changed. He was now more prosperous and confident; three years ago he had been struggling and extremely apprehensive, especially when a policeman was in the vicinity. The ideological arguments that we had in 1954 were not repeated with the same fiery zeal; he no longer cared in quite the same way.

From time to time, I saw signs of opposition to the régime. But it was sporadic and disorganized. Nor in East Germany were there the grounds for economic discontent that existed in Poland. Although mistakes are sometimes made, the Communist economy is a much more efficient society than its Polish counterpart. (A study of some of the East German State enterprises would be a



WALTER ULBRICHT SPEAKING AT FRANKFURT-ON-THE-ODER.

worthwhile project for the advocates of nationalization within the British Labour Party, for they could learn much from East German experience of successfully managing a mixed economy.)

When I came to cross the frontier on my return journey, I felt none of the desperate desire to breathe fresh air that I have always felt before on leaving Communist territory. Slowly—sometimes very slowly—the conditions are improving. And most significantly these changes are accompanied by a new political terminology, the claim to the term "Left wing." Here in Britain it is the man who is closest to the policy of the pro-Russian *Daily Worker* who prides himself on being the most "Left" of all; but in Poland and East Germany the Natolins and pro-Russians are the men of the Right. The real Left-winger is the believer in freedom.

DESMOND DONNELLY.

THE KITCHEN REVOLUTION

by DENYS SMITH

OVER a century ago we had the "industrial revolution," starting in England. Now in America we have the "kitchen revolution," with Europe lagging about twenty-five years behind. This may seem like comparing "gods and little fishes," yet the general nature of the two revolutions, and their economic and social consequences, are comparable. The industrial revolution meant that work formerly done in the home or on a small scale was taken out of the home and done in factories on a larger scale. This same development is taking place in the kitchen, or household, revolution.

Less than 1 per cent. of American families to-day have a full-time servant. Only about 4 per cent. have domestic help of any kind (about fifteen years ago it was 6 per cent.). Yet at the same time American housewives have greater leisure than ever before and are to a far greater extent working at full- or part-time jobs. In 1940, 16 per cent. of all adult women had outside jobs. Now 30 per cent. have them, probably 20 per cent. being married women. Homes are not neglected, nor untidier looking, nor are they getting smaller. In fact, the present building trend is towards slightly larger houses to accommodate the larger families. The normal newly built house is a three-bedroom, two-and-a-half bathroom affair—the "half-bath," in American real estate language, does not mean an under-size bath or shower, but what in British real estate language would be called a "closet."

There is an apparent contradiction between women having more outside jobs at the same time as domestic help is all but vanishing. It is not because there is more "doubling up" of families, so that one wife can work at home and the other take an outside job and contribute a bit extra to the housekeeping. The necessity of "doubling up," forced by war-time construction shortages, is disappearing.

Nor is it because there is a forty-hour work week; although of course, when a twelve-hour day was usual, no housewife could have contemplated a full-time outside job. The increase in married women workers has come about while the work-week remained unchanged. The reason is simply that instead of having individual and personal domestic help the modern American housewife, as it were, buys her domestic help piecemeal and retail over the counter. She buys labour-saving equipment and, above all, she buys food with built-in maid service. She also saves time because she no longer has to visit separate grocery, bakery, butcher, green-grocer and dairy shops. They are all concentrated in the same place, in a big "self-service" super-market. Back in the 1930s a store handling 1,000 different items was unusual. Fifteen years ago the "super-markets" handled some 3,000 items. Now they handle about 6,000. Most American housewives consider the advantage of seeing what they buy at the super-markets and taking their "shop" back home at once in their car outweighs the advantage of telephoning an order and waiting for it to be delivered. The telephone-delivery business is usually conducted by smaller and more expensive stores.

It all began at the turn of the century, when the joke originated: "Americans are people who eat what they can and can what they can't." Half a century ago there were sixteen different canned foods available. Twenty-five years ago there were about fifty-two. Now the canning industry produces some 600 different items. The total output has increased from about 1,000 million cans, or jars, of food fifty years ago to 22,000 million last year. The frozen food business has now joined the tinned food business, but has a long way to go before it catches up, if it ever does. It is more expensive, for the food has to be kept frozen while being

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THE KITCHEN REVOLUTION



MODERN AMERICAN KITCHEN.

Hollywood Press Syndicate.

transported and while in the retail store. But some foods respond better to freezing than to the heat-processing needed for canning. Frozen orange juice, for example, is far superior to the tinned. Canning and freezing means that fruit and vegetables are no longer seasonal. Twenty-five years ago people could not get oranges and tomatoes all the year round as they can now, thanks to frozen orange juice and tinned tomato juice. There was no tomato juice industry at all till 1932. It was probably encouraged by prohibition when seasoned tomato juice provided the law-abiding with a substitute for a pre-dinner cocktail. The *per capita* consumption of tomatoes and tomato products is to-day 96 per cent. more than in 1939.

The main consequence of food-freezing is that it has increased the range of dishes that can be bought ready cooked and only require heating. The trend has been carried further. You can buy a variety of so-called "TV dinners," or frozen one-course meals. These consist of meat and

two vegetables in an aluminium foil plate or tray. You merely have to warm it in the oven and then eat it out of the container which is thrown away. Sales of these have doubled in the past twelve months. Just recently on the market is a three-course single-package meal of soup, meat with potatoes and pie, each course in its own aluminium container, which sells for around seven shillings. By American standards this is cheap and less than a similar meal would cost at a medium-priced restaurant. The more courses you buy together the more restricted is the individual's choice. The packaged single course or dish is, therefore, likely to remain more popular than the packaged meal. The packaged dish is usually enough for two people, and as well as being pre-cooked has with it the suitable sauce or gravy. A popular new line in cooked and frozen one-course meals is the good old British stand-by "fish and chips."

Thirty years ago the average housewife

spent five or six hours a day in the kitchen preparing meals. To-day she spends between two and three hours and the meals are more varied. There was once an accepted economic "law," first propounded by Engels, the associate of Karl Marx, that as family income increased the percentage spent on education, travel and recreation went up, on housing and utilities remained the same, while the percentage spent on food went down; the money spent on food might be more, but not the percentage of income. Since the war this has no longer been true in America. The food percentage has risen from 22 to 25 per cent. of the family income, because food purchases now include much more than the raw material for meals. They include the food preparation formerly done at home. The kitchen has become little more than a meal assembly centre. The preparation is done in the food "factory." There are some foods that still have to be prepared from scratch. Nobody has yet managed to freeze a *soufflé*, an omelette or a green salad. But when the housewife no longer has to bother with the peeling, the kneading, the long hours of stirring and the big load of pots and pans to clean, she can find time for such items which she probably could not have found before.

Along with the housewife the "institutional" buyers—hotels, restaurants, etc.,—are shifting to foods which are nearer the ready-to-serve condition, so that their costs of handling and preparation can be lowered. Housework time is also shortened by the use of "disposables." There are paper or plastic cups, plates, forks, spoons, tablecloths, place-mats, napkins—all very useful for large parties, particularly children's. There are paper towels and aluminium cooking dishes. Manufacturers are working on a small moulding machine which on pushing a button will mould the number of plates or cups wanted from a plastic powder. They think it could be perfected in ten to fifteen years.

The scientific planners moved some years ago from the industrial field to the kitchen and worked out where to place sink, range, refrigerator and cupboards to provide the

least amount of physical motion. At one time the trend was to get people out of the kitchen, which shrank in size and became all white and shiny, and rather repellent. In the past three or four years the trend has been reversed and the newer kitchens are bigger, more cheerful, less functional-looking and designed for general living. The average family take their family meals in a specially designed kitchen corner or alcove, often termed a "breakfast nook," which saves trouble and means that food is hotter, and can be served out of the cooking utensil on to the plate. Stoves and ovens are better, the modern ones having automatic timing devices: you set them not only at the correct temperature, but at the required length of time and they turn themselves off. The trend is also to have the oven about waist height, so that no stooping is required. Of course it has a "glass" door, so that you just switch on the oven light and look inside to see how the dish is doing without opening the door. Most kitchens in newly-built houses have dish-washers and waste-disposal units which grind up scraps and refuse and swill them down the drain. You still have to scrape the dishes, but the home appliance men are working on a method of combining the dish-washer with the waste-disposal unit, so that dishes will be scraped, washed, dried and stacked automatically. The same assembly-line process is being developed for the home laundry. The total number of families in the United States is about 50 million. There are 41 million washing machines (using 2,300 million pounds of detergents each year) meaning that the family without one is rare. Machines will already wash and spin the clothes dry. Soon you will just put the dirty linen in a clothes hamper, press a button and it will be washed, dried, folded and ironed without further attention.

Tinning and freezing food is sometimes criticized on the grounds that it means a tasteless and unhealthy diet, if not a positively dangerous one. Frozen or canned food may not be as good as fresh-picked, but it is at least better than fresh-bought. The "fresh" fruits and veget-

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THE KITCHEN REVOLUTION

ables in the shops have often been transported long distances and then kept on the shelves several days. Frozen and tinned food is processed within a few hours after it is picked. You do not have to look at statistics to see if the trend away from home-cooking has been harmful; you merely have to look at the children. The modern teenager is as tall as his father and still growing. Officials of the pure food and drug service are confident that meals eaten to-day are less likely to be positively harmful than when nearly all food preparation was done in the home. But there are certain preservatives which worry them. When you buy foods almost ready to eat, things have been added to keep them from getting too dry, from caking, or from losing their

colour. An "emulsifier" is added to prevent separation ("shake the bottle" is physical labour from which the housewife must be saved!)

The fiction writers and social prophets used to predict that the nutritional *ultima Thule* would be compressed tablets containing all the nourishment needed, swallowed three times a day in a little water. They could not have been more mistaken. The trend has not been towards greater monotony and a more limited range of food, but towards a more varied and healthier diet, combined with a greater interest in eating as an art instead of a mere necessity and with a reduction in the time which has to be spent on household work.

DENYS SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, The National and English Review

MISS TRACY ON SPAIN

From Señor Ramon Herrero.

SIR,

In your July number Mr. Eric Gillett, commenting on Miss Honor Tracy's book *Silk Hats and No Breakfast*, writes: "In Cadiz she saw the Franco régime as it really is." This phrase relates to an episode in the book, when the authoress, visiting a block of cheap flats, found one occupied by the family of a party official. The implications of this are not quite apparent to me; whether the meaning is that party officials are not *ipso facto* entitled to economical dwellings, or whether it is meant that favour or influence is the only means of obtaining one of them. One thing is clear, though, and that is Miss Tracy's hostility to the Spanish régime, for she makes no bones about it. Political statements, especially of opinionated and openly biassed people, should, one feels, be taken with a pinch of salt. Why then is your reviewer so ready to share in what, after all, is but a generalization from the single instance given?

Several weeks ago some members of the council of a Southern English town, which had been submitted to an unflattering illustrated comparison with another, complained that the photographers had, figuratively of course, been taking "shots at the gutters." I will not go so far as to apply this vigorous

metaphor to some of the contemporary writing on Spain, but the fact remains that disproportionate and exclusive emphasis on the darker sides of Spanish life seems to be one of its constant and perplexing features.

Miss Tracy wanted to renew acquaintance, not only with essential, everlasting Spain, but with that Spain, too, bustling and vital, which beforehand she knew—so she contends—exists mainly on paper. To this end she chose the places she thought most remote and untouched, and disdaining adequate accommodation which *does* exist there—or at least in nearly every place—took lodgings (as the book-jacket puts it) "in horrible cattle-dealers' inns." Her dismay at being uncomfortable seems, therefore, somewhat illogical. Travel can be incredibly uncomfortable in Spain, writes another reviewer. So it can; and in other countries as well if, besides partaking in Miss Tracy's tastes in accommodation, one shows her magnificent disregard for the barest essentials in planning. Yet her unnecessary and self-inflicted ordeal has been used as a basis for an attempt to scare tourists away from Spain and for a journalistic re-hash of all the old clichés.

A gift for wise, cautious understatement is generally admitted—and I concur in that view—to be a conspicuous British virtue; not in the case of Spain, though, as far as certain

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writers are concerned. We are constantly told how Spanish roads are *always* pot-holed, Spanish locomotives *always* break down, Spanish water taps *never* run, and so forth. In spite of this, we find, year after year, the same people, ignoring Spain's modernization of recent years, going to the very same places where these things are most likely to occur. Why? Incurable romanticism of the kind that prompted Ford's and Borrow's ramblings? Perhaps tutorial pleasure, as *The Economist* suggested? Whatever the answer, it is not unreasonable to wonder if, as time passes and things change and literary travellers insist on concentrating their unflinching interest on crumbling houses, bedraggled children and "cattle dealers' inns," a moment may not come when any similarity between their Spain and everybody else's Spain will, as the saying goes, be purely coincidental.

Yours faithfully,
RAMON MARTIN HERRERO,
Cultural Counsellor.

24 Belgrave Square,
London, S.W.1.
September 2, 1957.

THE RUMPUS—AND AFTER

From Lady Henley.

SIR,

Lord Londonderry's abject apology seems to show that we are now to copy Communist countries, and exact grovelling confessions and retractions from anyone who dares to criticize Heads of State.

Yours truly,
DOROTHY HENLEY.

Askerton Castle,
Brampton, Cumberland.
August 30, 1957.

JUSTICE DEFERRED

From Mr. Peter Cotes.

SIR,

Will you permit me to pass comment upon the book review by Mr. Robert Lindley in the August issue of your magazine? Dealing with "The Trials of Evans and Christie" (*Notable British Trials Series*, Vol. 82, and edited by F. Tennyson Jesse), Mr. Lindley presents his readers with a somewhat biased version of an account by one of our most distinguished writers and, now that Roughead is dead, certainly our leading authority on criminology. Mr. Lindley's opinion is his own and he is entitled to enjoy his original point of view

regarding whether or not such and such a case has been properly dealt with. These points of view, as in the case of capital punishment (whether they be pro or con), should be treated with respect, because both sides have a good deal to be said in their favour. But your reviewer, who apparently does not agree with Miss Jesse's conclusions, makes the grievous error of calling her brilliantly written introduction to the present volume "turgid stuff." This it most certainly is not, however jaundiced an eye Mr. Lindley may have happened to read it with. He then goes on to commit his biggest literary gaffe when he writes: "It is a pity that an important volume was not entrusted to a more skilful hand." Was it Miss Jesse's unskilful hand, I wonder, that allowed us to read in full the Scott Henderson reports which Mr. Lindley refers to as "truly astonishing documents"? And although Mr. Lindley would have Miss Jesse proceed further along the path of protesting Evans's innocence than she has already done, the conclusions drawn in the introduction—as your reviewer admits, although rather reluctantly—are that "she herself comes to the tentative conclusion that Evans was innocent."

Now Miss Jesse requires no reference from me; indeed, it would be a presumption on my part to tilt a lance on behalf of one whom the late Desmond MacCarthy described as the most notable of all those who wrote about British trials. But for those of your readers who may be deterred from the most fascinating volume in the whole of the long series of Hodge's *Notable British Trials*, I would urge them to read for themselves. I am sure that no eminent novelist has ever carried out such detailed and imaginative research as Miss Jesse has done for many years past, and in her present study she has observed the lives of a particularly disagreeable section of society with devoted care and a mordant wit: a rare combination in any field, but in such a masterly summing up of the evidence in the greatest horror case of this generation, it constitutes a unique gift. Those of us who are interested in the motives for murder owe Miss Jesse a great debt.

Yours faithfully,
PETER COTES.

Savage Club,
1 Carlton House Terrace,
London, S.W.1.
August 24, 1957.

Books: General

HOW WRONG WAS HOOVER?

By PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

THE absence of any real ideological cleavage dividing Left from Right in American politics has seldom been so well demonstrated as in the reception afforded to Arthur Schlesinger's latest historical work.* There is no one in England quite like Arthur Schlesinger. Primarily, of course, he is a distinguished Harvard historian. But he is also much more than an academic. As one of Adlai Stevenson's principal advisers, both in the 1952 and 1956 Presidential campaigns, he plays a major part in Democratic Party politics. In between campaigns he pours out a stream of high-class party propaganda, thinly disguised under such titles as *Whither Liberalism?* or *Democracy's Next Tasks*. If one were to imagine an amalgam of the learning of A. J. P. Taylor, the brilliance of R. H. S. Crossman, the radical fervour of Michael Foot, and the muzziness of Jo Grimond, one would get some idea of the kind of figure Schlesinger cuts on the American scene.

But whereas none of his English counterparts, let alone an amalgam of them all, could print a word on any political subject without arousing some pretty vigorous controversy, Mr. Schlesinger has now published the first of what is intended to be a four-volume account of the depression, the New Deal and the Second World War, which has been hailed by both the American Left and the American Right as a masterpiece of objective historical research. This virtually unanimous praise certainly cannot be explained by any conscious effort on the part of the author to avoid controversy. Far from it. This first volume, which concentrates largely on Herbert Hoover's unsuccessful efforts to deal with the depression, amounts to a damning indictment of Republican policy.

In a sense, of course, it is the critical volume of the series. For if the reader accepts Mr. Schlesinger's low estimate of Hoover, he will find it difficult to quarrel with the sanctification of Franklin Roosevelt that must inevitably follow. What Mr. Schlesinger has now done is to set the stage and introduce the plot in such a way that the arrival of his hero will be seen in the best possible light. Yet this crucial volume, representing a straight Democratic interpretation of inter-war American history, written by a leading liberal publicist, appears to Americans of both political parties so clearly true, so demonstrably sound, that no one of repute has seen fit to challenge its authenticity.

The explanation of this highly debatable book's universally laudatory reception in America is much more than a tribute to a brilliantly persuasive piece of special pleading. It is a reflection of a basic truth about the United States; namely, that Americans are prepared to argue about the politics of the present but not about the politics of the past—which is another way of saying that they are prepared to take sides only until one or other protagonist has proved himself a clear victor. Jefferson beat Hamilton, so Jefferson must have been the true American and Hamilton the heretic; Roosevelt beat Hoover, so Roosevelt must have been right and Hoover wrong.

Of course in all countries there is a strong tendency for posterity to favour those who succeed, because human nature cannot bear to admit that history is not one slow ascent to paradise, with the living generation on the highest rung of the ladder yet reached. To admit that at some pivotal period in one's country's history the wrong man won would be to raise the unmentionable possibility that society may be on the downward rather than the upward path.

* *The Crisis of the Old Order: 1919-33*. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Junior. Heinemann. 42s.

But in the United States there is only one dominant political tradition. Virtually everyone is a liberal. Conservatism is not a reputable political ideal; it is an un-American activity. Looking back at their past, therefore, Americans are under a quite peculiar compulsion to see every major event, decision, or personality as a triumph for liberalism, since to do otherwise would be to admit that the American past—and therefore the American present—might have been diverted on to the wrong lines, might have ceased to be American. In a country where everyone shares—or pretends to share—the same political tradition, where everyone pays at least lip-service to the same political orthodoxy, everything that has been successful in the country's past must somehow be made to conform, even if history has to be adjusted in the process. To admit, therefore, that Franklin Roosevelt, four times elected to the Presidency, whose imprint still determines the pattern of contemporary America, was not a liberal after all; and to admit that the man he defeated in the most crushing electoral victory of all time, actually *was* a liberal, would be an admission that heresy had triumphed. No historian wishing to reach a wide public could possibly propound such an unpalatable thesis—even if it were true.

It is not, therefore, surprising that Mr. Schlesinger should find a receptive public for his indictment of Herbert Hoover. Nor is it surprising that those who in the 1930's saw in Roosevelt the greatest challenge to the liberties of the Union should now be only too happy to have second thoughts. It is much easier to believe that the heretic was a believer after all than to have to admit that what used to be heresy is now orthodoxy. It is easier, that is, to change one's view of Roosevelt than to have to change one's idea of the meaning of America.

But being neither an American nor a liberal I should like to exercise my independence by attempting in the broadest possible way to put the case for Hoover before Mr. Schlesinger's masterly volumes do for the New Deal what Macaulay's

prose did for the English revolution of 1688; namely, dazzle posterity by their brilliance into believing that the events themselves were entirely black and white. It is, unfortunately, about as difficult to defend Hoover as it is to defend James II. Both men were blundering, inflexible representatives of political attitudes that could, in their particular circumstances, only be made to work by men of genius. But the point to be made in defence of Hoover is not that what he did was right, but that it was consistent with the basic assumptions of the American political tradition. His failures, therefore, were not personal but national. He cannot be written off, as Mr. Schlesinger writes him off, without at the same time admitting that much of what Americans still believe about their country must also be written off as so much eye-wash.

When depression struck the United States in 1929 there were really two broad political courses of action open: either the Federal Government accepted responsibility for its cure, or the business community itself, emulating the principles of *noblesse oblige*, assumed the paternalistic function of protecting the victims from the worst consequences of the economic blizzard. Both these courses, I submit, were precluded by the basic political beliefs of the American people. Within the limits set by the American liberal faith, Hoover did everything that he could possibly do. He began in the winter of 1929 by warning business leaders that the depression might last some time, and suggesting that the way to meet it was to expand business, hold up wage scales and reduce taxes. He secured from business promises to maintain employment and from labour undertakings to declare a moratorium on strikes. Finally he urged on State Governors local public works programmes and secured from Congress a modest increase in Federal public works. This was evidence of a great deal more initiative than any President had ever before brought to bear to meet a depression. The historic policy in all previous depressions had been almost complete *laissez-faire*. The popular picture of

HOW WRONG WAS HOOVER?

Hoover standing idly by while the waves of depression flooded the country is grossly exaggerated. To have done more than he did would have required taking new legal powers, without which he could not possibly ensure that business leaders would be forced to maintain production and wage rates, to say nothing of employment.

It is extremely difficult for Europeans to understand quite why Americans of all classes believed so emphatically in *laissez-faire*, and seemed prepared to accept almost limitless disaster rather than fall back on Federal action. Why, we ask ourselves, did the 19th century liberal belief that the people could preserve their liberties from any type of interference except that which might come from a central government last, against an increasing weight of evidence to the contrary, so much longer in the United States than in Europe. Only in answering this question can we begin to discover the true nature of Hoover's predicament, and the reason why everything that it seems to us he ought to have done should have seemed to him and to his countrymen at that time so fundamentally pernicious and un-American.

There are two sides to the liberal argument: a defence of the State that is implicit, and a limitation of the State that is explicit. In Europe the great liberal concept of free individuals in a state of nature helped to free men from the myriad associations of class, church, guild, and place, in terms of which feudal society defined their lives. But in doing so it automatically gave to the State a much higher rank in relation to the people than it had ever had before. The State became the only association that might legitimately coerce them at all.

But because the United States escaped the feudal experience, and never suffered the feudal restraints, the liberal concept of free men in a state of nature was not an ideal but a reality. (This point is elaborated in fascinating detail in Mr. Louis Hartz's remarkable book *The Liberal Tradition in America*, which has still to find a publisher in this country.) As a result, the whole Liberal emphasis in the United States was not on freeing man

from the feudal oppressions of the past, but on defending man from the threatened State oppressions of the future. In other words, the ideal concept which inspired liberalism in Europe—that of man freed from feudal restraints—became in America the factual premise. In America, therefore, the implicit side of the liberal argument—which was a defence of the State as the main instrument by which feudalism could be overthrown—gave way entirely to its explicit aspect, which was the possibility of atomistic social freedom.

The European experience of feudalism smoothed the way for liberalism to merge into Socialism. The State had already proved itself a liberating force once, and could reasonably be expected to do so again. But in America, where the State had never been a liberating force, and had, on the contrary, always been the prime danger, its possible use for liberal purposes seemed literally inconceivable. That is why Hoover, the American liberal, could not be expected to react like Lloyd George, the English liberal. Whereas a beneficent State was implicit in the political tradition of the latter, it was wholly alien to the former.

If reliance on State intervention to solve the depression represented too dramatic a breach with the basic assumptions of American liberalism, the alternative—voluntary sacrifices by the business community—was also ruled out for the same reason. Social responsibility is the reverse side of the coin of social privilege. *Noblesse oblige* is the dividend society receives for investing in an aristocracy, and its absence is the price society must pay for escaping the disadvantages of having an aristocracy. In an egalitarian, classless society, such as the United States prides itself on being, it is quite illogical to expect its economic *élite* suddenly to accept the obligations and responsibilities which traditionally go with aristocracy. The whole dynamic of American liberal society, the basis of the rags to riches legend, depended on the belief that those at the top were not there to stay and that those at the bottom were also there only temporarily. There is no way in America by which a millionaire can

stabilize his position by receiving a title or joining the ranks of the landed gentry. But if the rich have nothing to fall back on except dollars in the bank, clearly they cannot be expected to sacrifice their only guarantee of status. To demand of them economic self-sacrifice is not only unreasonable, it is positively un-American. For once a section of society accepts paternalistic responsibilities, it will soon demand the paternal privileges that traditionally accompany such leadership. If the business community were to be asked to display all the ideal virtues of an aristocracy, would they not have to be offered in return the normal aristocratic privileges?

It is not surprising, therefore, that Hoover found it impossible to make up his mind what could reasonably be expected of the business leaders, and that the industrialists themselves had no clear idea of their proper function in such an emergency. In theory, if everybody maintained a high level of employment purchasing power would be restored and all would profit. It was much more readily apparent, as Mr. Gordon Harrison has put it, that if any went under it would be the weakest, and it therefore behoved each firm to cultivate its own strength. Such attitudes were natural and inevitable from a group with no theoretical or practical obligations to society in general which could compare with their very precise and practical obligations to their shareholders.

What I am attempting to suggest is that Hoover did not fail to deal with the depression because he was unaware of its seriousness, or because of personal callousness about its consequences. (Admittedly many of his speeches and actions suggest both ignorance and callousness, but there can be little doubt that his persistent optimism and nonchalance in public were a mask deliberately adopted in the hope of preventing panic from worsening the situation.) He failed because he believed that the consequences of success, or rather of the measures that he knew would be necessary to ensure success, would be more damaging in the long run than the depres-

sion itself.

Professor Schlesinger has little patience with Hoover's assessment. Why, he asks in effect, could he not do what Roosevelt was to do four years later? But did Roosevelt find the correct solution? I do not mean: did he cure the depression? As every schoolboy should now know, the American depression was not cured by Roosevelt, but by Hitler. Unemployment in 1940 was almost as high as in 1933. It was war production, and not the New Deal, that solved the problem. But did Roosevelt come to grips with the problem of power in a modern industrial society, without sacrificing the basis of the American liberal dream?

Personally, looking at the Roosevelt aftermath—looking, that is, at contemporary America, with its giant concentrations of governmental power, its ever-decreasing social mobility, its garrison-state cult of conformity—I am much less certain than is Mr. Arthur Schlesinger that Herbert Hoover's prophecies of gloom were not justified. But even if Roosevelt did succeed, and was all that Mr. Schlesinger implies that he was; even if Hoover failed, and was all that Mr. Schlesinger alleges that he was—I still regard this democratic interpretation of the inter-war period as basically unhistorical. Progress does not come about as the result of the virtues of one group, the liberals, and in spite of the vices of another group, the conservatives. In reality it is the result of what Butterfield has called the continual interplay and perpetual collision of the two. The New Deal was not the exclusive product of Roosevelt's genius, nor of the skill of the remarkable men he gathered around him. It was the embodiment of all the balances and compromises and adjustments that were necessitated by the fact that, even in its most popular period, something like half the country still voted Republican. Mr. Schlesinger seems to see all that he admires in contemporary America triumphing because of Roosevelt and in spite of Hoover-caused vicissitudes, whereas in reality it is quite as much the result of the very vicissitudes of which he

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complains. Before Mr. Schlesinger persuades us to dismiss Hoover's role as wholly unworthy, ought we not to try to imagine what disasters might have overtaken the United States if the New Deal had not been modified, slowed down, blunted, by the so-called forces of reaction? Again, it is salutary to imagine what a man less deeply rooted in America's liberal tradition than Herbert Hoover might have been tempted to do in 1929. It is easy to forget that Hoover then was a popular hero who could have got away with virtually anything that he had proposed. Unlike his successor, whose freedom of action was constantly curtailed by Republican opposition (except in the initial hundred days), Hoover at that time was the unchallenged father-figure of the American people. Posterity, instead of blaming him for inaction, may well come to admire his moderation.

Mr. Schlesinger's first volume has many qualities; it is immensely readable, marvellously informative, but somehow the stage he sets for the arrival of his hero is just a little too *bad* to be true.

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE.

A TERRIBLE BEAUTY

THE DOUBLE PATRIOTS. By Richard Storry. *Chatto and Windus*. 25s.

THIS book is a study of the seizure of power in Japan by the ultra-nationalists, civilian and military, during the decade from 1931 to 1941; that is, from the Mukden Incident to Pearl Harbour. It is very readable. First, the scholarship of the author enables one to unravel the intrigues which brought about this seizure—an exercise like solving a complicated puzzle with esoteric clues. Then the Japanese plan of conquest spreading from Manchuria and China across the whole Pacific is told with compelling tenseness. It is not easy to quarrel with the justice of the conclusions; their objectivity arises from the author's use of Japanese sources and his understanding of Japanese motives.

Nationalism is the projection of power, by individuals, working through the apparatus of various pressure groups, which succeed in directing the Government. The fault of the Japanese Government of the nineteen-twenties was that it failed to suppress a small knot of

conspirators, partly because the philosophy of the latter, which grew out of traditional myths and met existing psychological needs, gave them a remarkable degree of courage, and often made them immune to the ordinary cautions of fear. The Japanese ultra-nationalists were fascinated not only by power, but also by death. This mystique of death is what makes Japanese totalitarianism different from its European forms. To die in the service of the Emperor was sincerely held to be a religious duty, to be rewarded by the honour of joining the Ancestral Spirits in Heaven. To commit suicide was, at one stroke, an unanswerable protest and a magnificent atonement. Religion and patriotism were hopelessly confused. The ultra-nationalists, whatever their declared motives (and these surely must rank high indeed among the records of obscurantism), held without exception that their first aim was loyalty to the Emperor. In fact they were working, sometimes unwittingly, towards destroying his power, rather on the lines of the Shogunate in the past.

The Government was immature in Western constitutional traditions, and gravely weakened by the rule that no Cabinet could exist without a War Minister on the active list, who could consequently be withdrawn at the Army's will. Once the fanatics had tasted power, it is difficult to see how a Government thus hampered could effectively have dealt with them; and in spite of a certain resistance to intimidation and assassination, it eventually capitulated. Mr. Storry's researches into the Saionji-Harada memoirs and into the documents of the International Military Tribunal for the Far East, among other sources, reveal much that has not been generally known before about this resistance, especially on the part of the Emperor himself and, of course, by that wise and determined old man, the last Genro, Prince Saionji. He was a Liberal, and remained so, not flinching from his responsibilities in tendering advice to the Throne. Some of his comments, which are quoted, are very much to the point and brief. As an example, after the Emperor had spoken with unusual severity to the Minister of War, General Itagaki, demanding that the unauthorized Japanese action at Changkufeng against the Russians be settled immediately, Harada reported to the Genro that the officers at General Staff Headquarters were furious, and bitterly critical of the Emperor on the grounds that he lacked confidence in the Army. Saionji's reply was: "Just whose General Headquarters and Army is it?"

There are strange elements of beauty about

A TERRIBLE BEAUTY

Japan, difficult for the foreigner to grasp and sometimes deliberately concealed by the Japanese themselves through the severity of their standards. Even in this study of violence they appear. The "Sakurakai," or "The Society of the Cherry," was a group of young Army officers formed in 1930 to eliminate the influence of the parliamentary political parties, and to establish military government in fact if not in name.

That the blossoms fall from the bough, after only a few days' glory, at the first strong gust of wind has long reminded the Japanese of the essence of the Sumurai code—the readiness to die at a moment's notice, if need be. This flower, then, had its place in the martial cult.

The intrigue for power within the Army itself, between the Kodoha and the Toseiha factions, is a subject which occupies much of the last half of this book, and profits from the lively treatment given to it. The Kodoha, whose best-known exponent was the fire-breathing General Araki, wanted the expansion of Japanese territory at Russia's expense, rather than China's. In the event, the

Toseiha, headed by General Tojo, a far more calculating character, had their way in China. Although many other issues were working that way already, it is inconceivable that Russian influence in Japan did not play some part, however small, in this outcome. This is just touched upon, and one might perhaps hope for further light on it in the future.

The last paragraphs of this judicious yet exciting book should be quoted:

Looking back over the ruin and ashes of the Pacific War the majority of the Japanese people are inclined to dismiss the old ultra-nationalists, in or out of uniform, as crazy fools. Which, in a sense, they were. Certainly the public activities since the Peace Treaty of such perennials as Tachibana and Inouye Nissho have done little to modify this particular interpretation.

Nobody can dare to predict that such insanity will not again infect the body politic of Japan. But if it does, the resistance that can be offered will be more robust and lasting than it was before the Pacific War. There will be at least an even chance of fighting off the disease. More than this cannot be said.

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SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE was a born story-teller. One had only to hear him broadcasting his South Sea experiences to realize that here was a man with a mission, someone who enjoyed telling stories, and above all a great lover of the places and people he was talking about. When these stories were first brought together in *A Pattern of Islands*, it was found that his magic did not evaporate on the printed page. The author had written about the Gilbert Islands and their people out of a full experience which had deepened over the years into strong friendship for the islanders and a determination, born of his work for them, that he would be fair and friendly in all his dealings with them, even though it might occasionally involve a white lie or a pleasant wangle at the expense of His Majesty's Government.

It may be remembered that Sir Arthur ended the book with the words, "I borrowed £150 at the end of my leave to pay my way back to the Pacific and leave the family in funds until I arrived there. I did not see them again for seven years. But that is another story."

Return to the Islands tells that story, and it is as delightful and unexpected as its predecessor. Sir Arthur found that, if anything, his preoccupations and responsibilities had increased. He worked not only in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, but also on Baanabe (Ocean Island). He worked as Resident Commissioner, magistrate, and in charge of police and prisons. He had to intervene in riots between the Gilbertese and a Chinese labour force, which on one occasion at least

proved recalcitrant and hard to handle. He made one extraordinary arrest single-handed on the island of Arorae, but by this time the islanders had weighed him up and knew that he was a friend. In fact, he showed his feelings so tactfully that even the young entrants to our diminished Colonial Service would benefit by reading *Return to the Islands* and, most of all, its Epilogue. Sir Arthur tells that in the early 'thirties the Colonial Office of his generation first became aware that their policy was to operate less like the rulers and more like the stewards of the people among whom they worked. This was never expressed in so many words; it merely followed upon the changed nature of the orders they received from Downing Street. These entailed a number of field activities. Nothing could have been more congenial to Grimble.

Mr. Somerset Maugham once remarked about thirty years ago that he had found an increasing lack of initiative among British Colonial servants in the Far East owing to the flow of direct, cabled instructions from Whitehall. Sir Arthur and his colleagues were luckier. They were even more remote from the bureaucrats. They still had chances of showing their initiative. The result is that Sir Arthur's two books will remain as a magnificent memorial to the best kind of Colonial Officers, the men who never spared health, time, trouble and, on occasion, their own purses in order to serve the peoples they were sent to govern. At the end of *Return to the Islands* Sir Arthur expresses his belief that at long last the right impulses were being received from the top, from the Colonial Office itself, and that, he thought, would "send young men into the field to-day a great deal less puzzled about the leaderly qualities expected of them than I was in 1913."

I missed Mr. Peter Bull's first book, *To Sea in a Sieve*, but this record of life in the R.N.V.R. was recommended to me by several good critics as being one of the most entertaining volumes of war reminiscences they had read. I found *Bulls in the Meadows* extremely funny. Mr. Bull, an accomplished actor, is also a humorist with an individual approach. "The Meadows" still stands in the Uxbridge Road, and the time Mr. Bull writes about is the period beginning before the First War when Sir William Bull, M.P. for Hammersmith, a kind of Don Quixote of a politician, his charming wife, and their three sons lived there. As depicted in this book, they are a most engaging family. Sir William's career might be described as non-stop variety. Solicitor,

Another Tusitala

He politician, crusader and devoted parent, he never seems to have had a dull moment, and certainly not an idle one.

All family celebrations were celebrated by him in excruciating verses. Presenting his mother-in-law with two nightgowns on her birthday, he accompanied them with the following:

Tell us, dear, in joyful numbers,
That you will enjoy your dreams
When retiring to your slumbers
Within the cover of these seams.

The lace is real and we are earnest
In the hope that you will like
Both these nightgowns, for the givers'
Sake, dear mother, so good-night.

His diary was honest, detailed and uncompromising. He notes that a maid had forgotten to pack his spats for a weekend visit to the country and, as he observed, "for a lady not to have gloves in a ballroom is not worse than no spats with a shooting suit. It spoiled the whole effect of my get-up." He added that he delivered at Malmesbury his same old speech (presumably not in spats) and it went down very well.

Bulls in the Meadows is not a book to quote from because its spell is cumulative. The author may be congratulated on this delightful evocation of family life in the early years of the century. The period illustrations are worthy of the excellent text.

I have always envied Mr. H. V. Morton. For years he seems to have been going to places he wants to see and then writing books about them that seem to be inevitable best-sellers. *A Traveller in Rome* is the most rewarding and the best written of them all. It appears that the author collected such a mass of material that he had to discard a great deal of it before he wrote the book, and it is not surprising that the careful selection he has made contains more out of the way information and a larger assembly of picturesque historical details than any other book that has been written about Rome.

The section about Keats' house informs the reader that Axel Munthe, the author of *The Story of San Michele*, had his consulting rooms there when he was practising in Rome. On June 5, 1944, the day following that on which the Germans left Rome by one gate as the Allies entered by another, the housekeeper was awakened at six o'clock by the *New York Times* correspondent, Mr. Sedgwick, and Captain Morgan, the British Public Relations Officer. "Everything all right?" asked Mr.

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Sedgwick. It was, and the windows were opened for the first time in four years.

Mr. Morton notes that Julius Caesar was not assassinated in the Capitol, but in a splendid new theatre which Pompey had built in the Campus Martius. The Senate was meeting there on that day because the Senate House was being reconstructed and could not be used.

There is an exceptionally lively chapter on famous residents of the 19th century, when Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's flighty sister, set the town by the ears and her dignified mother, Madame Mère, who spoke the Corsican dialect of her youth, lived carefully, saving every penny and did all she could to accompany her famous son to St. Helena. This was not permitted. She fell into the hands of charlatans, who convinced her that Napoleon had been miraculously transported from captivity. She survived him, almost blind, for sixteen years, and died in the year Queen Victoria came to the throne.

A Traveller in Rome is very much more than a guide book, although it is ideal for that purpose. It is a kind of microcosm of the many elements that make Rome as fascinating as any city in the world.

Napoleon's first remark when he met Bettina Brentano in 1809 was not complimentary. "Who," he asked, "is this fuzzy young person?" Fuzzy she may have been, but she was one of the most remarkable women of the Romantic period, and it would not be too far off the mark to say that she was a kind of intellectual Elinor Glyn.

Mr. Arthur Helps and Miss Elizabeth Howard have written a well-proportioned biography of a woman who has been described as a Liberal, a freak, an eccentric and a furious dilettante. She had a brilliant, erratic mind, and she was extremely romantic. She was also acquisitive and demanding in her friendships. Her friends included Beethoven, Goethe, Brahms and the brothers Grimm. These two announced their intention of attending her wedding dressed as storks, and it is perhaps as well that the ceremony was a secret one.

"Bettina," who could write vividly, gives a long account of her meeting and friendship with Beethoven, which is quoted verbatim in the book. Goethe, who was not really in love with her, cherished a highly romantic friendship and on at least one occasion covered her with violent kisses which frightened her, but it was, she adds, "so strangely beautiful." Bettina thought that Brahms was the most completely unconscious egoist in the

world. She liked his piano playing better than any other, except perhaps Liszt's.

The authors have done well to resuscitate this unusual woman, whose mind remained young and lively throughout her life, and who seems to have been regarded as a kind of eccentric elder sister by her seven children.

It is always difficult to write the life of a man who is still alive, and in *Leader of the Few*, the authorized biography of Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, Mr. Collier has perhaps erred overmuch on the side of discretion. After reading the book Lord Dowding remains something of an enigma, and the chapters at the book's end on his spiritualist activities might with advantage be fuller. The account of Lord Dowding's life as a Gunner Subaltern and his work in the Royal Air Force are the most interesting parts of a remarkable career, but Mr. Collier's discretion and limited powers of description have prevented him from doing full justice to a man whose personal contribution to the British war effort had such happy consequences.

Mr. Majdalany calls the Battle of Cassino "little more than a victory of the human spirit." In *Cassino* he does full justice to the grandeur, agony and tragedy of a prolonged struggle. He describes most vividly the natural difficulties that had to be endured, and notes the historical significance of the famous Benedictine Abbey which became the hub of the battle. There are some excellent illustrations and maps.

Mr. Howard's biography of Mary Kingsley deals with a subject that could not fail to interest. Mary was the niece of Charles and Henry Kingsley, the daughter of their selfish and eccentric brother George, who neglected his family and spent most of his life travelling about the world at other people's expense. After his death Mary, inheriting his wanderlust, struck out for herself and her adventures in West Africa are among the most extraordinary episodes of the Victorian era. For five exhausting years, from 1895 to 1900, she tried to convince the Government that unless fundamental changes were made in Colonial administration our new African Colonies might become as great a failure as the West Indian islands then were. Later she volunteered to go to South Africa, though she was not in good health, and died there nursing Boer prisoners. She must have been completely fearless, and she seems to have understood the thought processes and religious ideas of the Africans as none of her contemporaries did. It seems odd that her book, *Travels in West Africa*, is not still read to-day. As Mr.

Another Tusitala

Howard says, it is one of the most entertaining travel books in the English language, and he was wise to quote largely from it in his sensible biography.

A Jamaican author, Dr. Henriques, has written an informative and ambitious study of Jamaica, part history, part survey and, in a lesser degree, a description of the contemporary scene. The author attempts to throw into relief what he considers to be the most important aspects of life in the past and life to-day. He gives a detailed picture of 18th-century Jamaican society, and he quotes contemporary witnesses when he writes of the sufferings of the slaves. The book is well illustrated by Miss Rosamund Seymour, and there are also some relevant statistics.

Mr. Eliot is not only one of the most able of contemporary critics, he must also be the most modest of them. His new book of critical essays, *On Poetry and Poets*, contains seven essays on poetry and nine on poets, among them a long essay on Goethe and an important lecture on Samuel Johnson as poet and as critic. It was good to read again the introduction to a choice of Kipling's verse which appeared originally in 1941.

Mr. Eliot considers Johnson to be one of the three greatest critics of poetry in the English language, the other two being Dryden and Coleridge. In the 18th century a poet was prized not for his invention of an original form of speech, but by his contribution to a common language. Johnson and his contemporaries felt that there had been progress in the refining and precision of language. Johnson attributed to Dryden bad manners and bad taste in controversy. Mr. Eliot believes that the improvement of language which the 18th century had achieved was a genuine improvement; of the inevitable losses only a later generation could become aware.

The book is full of sound critical dicta and is so closely argued and reasoned that quotations would not do justice to it. I can recommend *On Poetry and Poets* without reservation to all lovers of English poetry. It is as stimulating as it is sensible and thought-provoking.

Mr. Abse's new collection of poems is a further step forward in this poet's progress. He is a sincere and resourceful writer, who expresses himself without eccentricity and is at his best in personal themes such as "On Hearing, the Monologue of a Deaf Poet" and "Elegy for Dylan Thomas." Mr. Abse is among the contemporary poets who cannot be ignored.

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Novels

- THE FIELD OF VISION. Wright Morris.
Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.
A FATHER AND HIS FATE. Ivy Compton-Burnett. *Gollancz*. 13s. 6d.
THESE THOUSAND HILLS. A. B. Guthrie.
Hutchinson. 15s.
SUMMER IN RETREAT. Edmund Ward.
MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.
THE GRAND CATCH. Gil Buhet. *Cape*. 15s.
THE GREAT OAK. Jack Lindsay. *Bodley Head*. 18s.
EQUATOR. John Lodwick. *Heinemann*. 15s.
LETTER FROM PEKING. Pearl Buck. *Methuen*. 12s. 6d.
DOUBLE DOOM. Josephine Bell. *Hodder and Stoughton*. 13s. 6d.

THE *Field of Vision* is the third novel by Mr. Wright Morris to be published over here. Like his other books, it arrives garlanded with the praise of critics one respects. Read any page at random and you will light upon an arresting phrase, a perceptive judgment. Read a couple of hundred and you will wonder whether the vision of truth is best served by being presented so obliquely, and wadded in all these words.

A handful of Americans doing Mexico find themselves watching a bull fight. The key figure is Gordon Boyd, once an irresistible charmer, now an ageing buffoon squirting pep on the bull's nose. Long, long ago his kiss was so potent that Lois Scanlon, later Mrs. McKee, has remembered it all her life. Whether the son she afterwards bore, ostensibly to her husband McKee, was Boyd's in the flesh as well as the spirit is one of many things never made clear. Another is the significance of a Viennese doctor whose incomprehensible English is put down as spoken, further to bemuse the reader, and his curious attendant sprite, a man-woman who once committed a murder but who is given the attribute of sanctity, apparently because she rescues flies from drowning. In spite of what sometimes seems like deliberate obscurity of presentation there is no doubt that Mr. Wright Morris is a serious author, to whom life is an ironic tragedy, like the bull-fight, and every individual life valuable. It remains true that art is communication and Mr. Wright Morris, to me, does not communicate except in flashes.

At this stage in her writing career, the public reaction to the work of Miss Compton-Burnett is probably twofold. There are those who find her unreadable: there are those who

claim for her a higher place than any woman novelist except perhaps Jane Austen. Nobody denies her originality; the question is what it is worth. I think it is worth a good deal for sheer craftsmanship; I don't think it illuminates life or is even meant to do so. It appears that she is content to enable characters to exist in a world of their own, with us to recognize them, although their actions are as implausible as Elizabethan melodrama. Their poetry is the continuous verbal wit by which they reveal themselves like serpents uncoiling. Miss Compton-Burnett is certainly not for those who like an easy read, but let nobody say there is no reader-satisfaction in watching people do and say outrageous things politely. *A Father and his Fate*, which some have found "mellower" than early C.B.'s, is concerned with a deliberately planned bigamy by the father of three daughters who remind him continually that Lear also had three daughters. His fate, however, is kinder than Lear's, for being discovered he simply palms off his mistress on the nephew from whom he seduced her. If there is a moral, which I doubt, it is that the strong can always turn their setbacks to good account.

Mr. Guthrie, the author of *These Thousand Hills*, writes about the opening up of the American West, and so, I suppose his novels have to be classed under the rather patronizing heading of "Westerns." The present book is the last of three dealing with the great drive westwards from the forties to the eighties of last century. The thousand hills are now populous with men and cattle and upstart townships: from one such in Oregon, with its pettiness and restraints, Lat Evans the hero, grandson of the leader of the wagon train in *The Way West*, leaves home to become a cattle man in Montana. He has his stirring and dangerous moments, he becomes emotionally involved with Callie, the traditional good-natured harlot, but all the time civilization is creeping up behind him and soon marriage with a pretty girl, not Callie, traps him into just such a narrow little community as he has left. That is not quite the end of Lat; his past comes back with a kick, but we know what the unwritten end will be. Lat will stay, if not here then somewhere like it, for there is nowhere else to go. Mr. Guthrie could not write other than vigorously and well, but his heart clearly is in the earlier period, with the Indian fighters, the fur trappers and the railway pioneers. He does his best with a setting and characters made only too familiar to us by a succession of technicolor epics, and

Novels

if some of the dialogue seems made for utterance by tight-lipped screen cowboys and bosomy Hollywood blondes, there is plenty of irrefutable evidence that people really thought and talked like that. That the excursion to these thousand hills has been made too often, with inferior guides, is not Mr. Guthrie's fault. In his own way he is an historian and a poet.

Doubtless it is possible to review an off-beat comedy of English provincial life without reference to Mr. Kingsley Amis, but labels have their uses, to readers as well as reviewers. *Summer in Retreat*, presumably a first novel, is about the return of Eames, a painter, to his native town, after five years' circulation in the greater world. His friends once more gather round him; the respectable ones with some misgiving, the disreputable with enthusiasm. For Eames in his time had been quite a boy. Now he wants to settle down to serious painting, with a job at the local art school for his meal ticket. His attempts to live down the past and ingratiate himself with the municipal worthies are told by Mr. Ward at a spanking pace and with a nice flow of comic invention. Like all the novels of the Amis school, *Summer in Retreat* gives off the very sound and smell of the rag-bag world which its characters inhabit. I laughed quite a lot at this book, although I wish that the writer would not try to be funny in every line. His best achievement is a serious one: he really convinced me that Eames could paint.

From modern English humour to modern French is quite a step, and, oddly enough, the French book is much more kindly. *The Grand Catch* is by Gil Buhet, who wrote that delightful book *The Honey Siege*. The group of boys who figured in the first story are now older and have to learn the responsibilities of adult life. An accident has put them in charge of a boys' holiday camp in Auvergne: another, very Gallic, mishap has deprived them of their funds and as France is in the grip of a postal strike they can't send home for more. But Pierrot, Cisco, Riquet and Tartare are boys of great resource, and having been befriended by the *curé*, whom they assisted in a poaching expedition, they are, as it were, adopted by the party of religion against its chief adversary, the water-bailiff. Humour, sentiment, a touch of horror—for there is a murder which the boys help to solve—make this book an absolute charmer, and if there is any reader who can resist Pierrot and his *bande*, and the affectionately satirical picture of French village life, he must surely be won over by the superb descriptions of diving for trout in

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JOHN MURRAY

the icy streams of Auvergne. I don't know whether, by English standards, this is sport, but it is certainly magnificent.

Because, a few weeks back, I stood beneath the walls of Norwich castle, where a tablet commemorates the execution of Robert Kett in 1549, I approached Mr. Jack Lindsay's *The Great Oak* with some eagerness. Could he impose upon the bare and confused accounts of this one among the many popular risings of the times, the order and clarity necessary to discover its true significance? Mr. Lindsay knows the period and can convey the welter of discontents, economic, religious or personal, which drew so many hundreds of Norfolk men and women away from their homes to camp on Mousehold Heath, to frighten the burgesses of Norwich into letting them into the city, where they established a kind of commonwealth, until the Lord Protector's foreign mercenaries came in and massacred them. Mr. Lindsay's groundwork is good, but he persistently overwrites; his characters are mostly sentimental fictions and poor Robert Kett, spouting Lucan and noble sentiment, does not come to life at all.

Equator is by Mr. John Lodwick, a guarantee that it is admirably written. Skelton, the only Englishman with a French archaeological expedition in central Africa, is the only survivor when their boat is sunk in an equatorial lake by a sudden violent storm. Skelton comes back to life in a strange country, the tiny central African island of Asoc, where Domingo Matamoros, a refugee from the Spanish civil war, has founded a small republic, ruling a delightful people to whom he has communicated a flourishing European strain, remaining on friendly if precarious terms with the neighbouring chief, a superb character, and, more warily, with the authorities in the French, British and Belgian colonies adjoining. Of course we know all about island paradises, but Mr. Lodwick's is something quite special. For its lovely and loving descriptions of African scenery and people, for its kind but just satire on political and social absurdities, and, above all, for its reflection of a civilized humanism, please read the book. I ought to add that in addition to some very pleasant rascals, there is a most delightful Spanish heroine.

Letter from Peking is, for Pearl Buck, a lightweight, which her powers of storytelling can take in their stride. The year is 1950, the place Vermont, where Elizabeth Macleod and her son Rennie are living on the farm which has for two generations belonged to Elizabeth's family. Elizabeth's husband is

far away in Peking, a university professor, and he is half-Chinese. Elizabeth had lived happily with him in China until the war brought the Communist revolution. Now she lives alone with a son growing to manhood, who resents his absent father and his Chinese blood.

Far away in Texas is the man who started it all, old Dr. Macleod who went to China in his youth to teach, and to forget a girl who had rejected him. Because he fell in love with the old China and its way of life, he was persuaded to take a Chinese wife. But he did not love her and she knew it, and so, when their son, Gerald, Elizabeth's husband, was born, Ai-lan left her American husband to join Sun-Yat-Sen's revolutionary movement. No living novelist can write of China as well as Mrs. Buck, but it seems to me that in this book her affection has led her to smooth out too simply the tensions ineradicable from a mixed racial heritage. Love does not always conquer all. She uses all her powers to persuade us that the marriage of Gerald and Elizabeth was transcendently harmonious, but Gerald remains a shadowy figure, seen only through Elizabeth's eyes, and Elizabeth, like all people with a monomania, is something of a bore. I found myself wondering whether Gerald might not have preferred Younger Sister. "He tried to live without us and he could not," says Elizabeth exaltedly telling her son of his father's death: but what really killed Gerald was a gunman's bullet and it is hard to see what love or loss had to do with it. But in everything which concerns life in the old China, Mrs. Buck is as convincing as ever and the picture of the last days of the old man Macleod is very moving.

Double Doom is by Josephine Bell, who has a special knowledge of medical matters which she uses to the best effect. Two elderly twins die in different places and it is soon established that they did not die without assistance. The odd thing is that a notice of both deaths was inserted in the papers while the second twin was still alive. Of course there is money at the bottom of it; find out who profits and who inserted the notice in the paper and you have the murderer. It is not as simple as that. There is a third murder enlarging the field of suspects. Specially calling for honourable mention in this book is the author's sympathetic handling of a mentally retarded woman who plays an important part in the case. Such characters are too often made grotesque and subhuman; here, quite without sentimentality, the tragedy of such people is made real and moving. RUBY MILLAR.

Music

By ROBIN DENNISTON

What the Ear Does Not Hear

MOZART says somewhere in his letters that music should never be played faster than a speed which makes it possible for every note to be heard and understood. His advice has not always been taken either by composers or performers. Even Brahms with his muddy orchestration made it inevitable that no one pair of ears, except possibly the conductor's, could hear each sound, much less appreciate its relevance to a whole passage. In our own day we have pianists who know it is easier to impress most audiences by taking technically difficult passages at high speed and slurring notes and whole phrases together, particularly in the middle part of the keyboard, rather than aiming at a perfect compromise between clarity in individual notes and the architectonic structure of the whole.

Clarity is inseparable from comprehension; and much modern music, Jolivet's *Piano Concerto* for instance, seems to safeguard itself from comprehension by making clarity impossible. Not only are the notes so apparently haphazard, even within an atonal system, but there are so many of them, and they come at us so quickly, that even if they could be comprehended on paper they never could be in performance, however often repeated. At a different point on the scale, much of Liszt's piano music suffers for the same reason.

Here seems to be at least one standard by which the best music can be separated from the less good. "Best for what?"—of course people ask. The idea of an absolute standard in music is repugnant to many. But Sir Malcolm Sargent for one believes, I deduce from a recently published letter of his, that Schumann's piano concerto just *is* better than Jolivet's, different standards and different centuries notwithstanding. And this theory is borne out implicitly in the Proms, which Sir Malcolm and the B.B.C. have painlessly taken over from Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall, and which now provide not only a maximum of 8,000 people with a nightly feast of live music, but millions of others with the same feast canned. What is implicit in the Proms is that in a short life there is time to enjoy the best, and not a great deal left over for anything else. This season six works are given their first public performance and

another eleven are given for the first time in London or Great Britain. This is not a big proportion out of the total and many people complain it is not bigger; to me it seems fair enough. There are still fewer "discovered" works from the last 200 years which could claim to have been unjustly neglected. True, some composers, Tchaikovsky pre-eminently, get more than they deserve, although this neurasthenic Russian seems about to endure a critical revival which may bring him up into the first eleven. Neither clarity nor comprehension elude audiences of his music; for this they are grateful and show their gratitude in the usual way by demanding more.

In the eighth bar of the slow movement of his piano sonata (opus 13) Beethoven wrote semi-quaver triplets, not a *rubato* jumble of notes to get the tune into octaves at the pianist's discretion. Each note for him meant something, and neither more nor less than that thing. Each note was to be heard and understood in a way which most pianists can manage. This coupling of clarity and comprehension is at the heart of the idea that art should com-

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municate with the public. Even if it may not be the whole truth about art, it is certainly nothing but the truth.

One abiding memory of this season's Proms is Walter Midgley's singing in Verdi's *Requiem*, the high spot of a performance as elegant and impressive as may be heard anywhere.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

British Business To-day BEFORE THE MOTOR SHOW

By DUDLEY NOBLE

PARADOX in the car world: American automobiles get longer and longer, more and more powerful, faster and faster, despite speed limits even on the special motor roads. Continental cars get smaller and smaller; engines are detuned to give lower power output, yet roads continue to improve. British cars stay put; they get neither larger nor smaller, faster nor slower. They typify the traditional national spirit of compromise—and sell none the worse for it. The Jeremiahs who prophesied the downfall of the U.K. motor industry are confounded; order books were never better stuffed. "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose," and the keynote of the British car in this year of grace is "la même chose."

All the things that motor-minded people speak of with bated breath during those formative months when the Motor Show is something of the far distant future—turbine engines, free piston engines, pneumatic suspension and the like—are seen to be, at this moment when 1958 is on the threshold, just things of the perhaps not so far distant future, but of the future nevertheless. Yet, with a sales record in the hard currency areas second to none, who shall blame the big chiefs of the British motor industry for sticking to the mixture as before and, in effect, saying that another little year won't do them any harm?

To-day, with millions of pounds' worth of spare parts necessary to the spreading over the world of any new model, to say nothing of the education of thousands of service personnel, there is no wonder that the Big Six of the motor industry of this country prefer to stick to the devil they know. We have seen one of them (Vauxhall) introduce a brand new "job "

this year, necessitating the building of an enormous factory and the laying out of many millions of pounds in equipping it with plant and machinery that could turn the car out at an economic price. Now, on the banks of the Thames as it ambles down to the sea, another great member of the Big Six is erecting vast extensions to its already vast factory. Maybe out of this will pour a corresponding new model. But not this year; 1958, it seems almost certain at the time these words are written, will be a year of marking time, of healing the wounds inflicted by the Suez incident and of girding up the loins preparatory to a further leap forward.

Neither the Americans nor the Continentals suffered the same sort of setback as we did over that incident. Although it seems hard to believe now, the diminution of demand which followed the imposition of petrol rationing last December inflicted a grievous hurt on the British motor industry. For the first three months of this year sales dropped alarmingly, production was cut to suit. Material ordered without prior knowledge of the near chaos that followed the closing of the Canal has got to be used up and dislocated production schedules must be brought back to normal before any drastic changes in design can be considered.

If, that is, any drastic changes in design must be considered. For there seems little doubt but that the current models of British cars are selling well throughout the world and are giving their owners a very reasonable degree of satisfaction. Never, of course, will there be a perfect car; none will ever please all of the buyers all of the time. It falls to my lot to try out cars of all makes and nationalities and I can say with confidence that, just as all have good points so *all* have their drawbacks. By and large the British car stands pretty high in its average of good points.

This year there does not seem to be any outstanding new feature. Last season automatic transmissions and clutchless gear-changes were items that typified 1957 models. This year many people have sampled these innovations and know whether they like them or not. It is certainly nice to be able to dispense with the clutch pedal and/or the gear-lever, and doubtless a generation will grow up which has never known them, as is the case in the U.S. But it is a safe bet that there will remain, for many years yet to come, a hard core of dyed-in-the-wool motorists who would never abandon their gear-lever and clutch-pedal.

The range of British cars on the market can

Finance

By LOMBARDO

THE dramatic announcement made on September 19 by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that Bank rate was increased from 5 per cent. to 7 per cent. stunned the City and surprised business and financial circles throughout the world. The implications are still being discussed as I write and reactions will still be influencing trade and industry when these words appear in print.

Traditionally, Bank rate rises in moves of 1 per cent. and a jump of 2 per cent. had not occurred since the outbreak of war in 1939: the rate had not been 7 per cent. since 1920. Though fears of a possible 6 per cent. had grown in City financial circles about the middle of September, neither the Stock Exchange nor the money market was prepared for the shock of a 2 per cent. rise. The announcement brought business to a standstill for a brief period in the market before prices began a steep decline in all sections. As we go to press the fall continues.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR

JOHN

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be classified into five categories: the big and luxurious, the medium and comfortable, the small and useful, sports types and country or utility vehicles. In each of these classes there is a variety of well-known names, which can be ranged in alphabetical order as follows:

Big and Luxurious: Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire, Austin Princess, Bentley "S," Daimler One-O-Four, Jaguar Mark VIII, Lagonda, Riley 2.6-litre, Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud, Wolseley 6/90.

Medium and Comfortable: Austin Westminster, Citroen (British-built) "DS.19," Ford Zephyr and Zodiac, Hillman Minx, Humber Hawk, Magnette (M.G.), Morris Isis and Oxford, Rover (four models), Singer Gazelle, Standard Ensign and Vanguard, Sunbeam Rapier, Vauxhall Victor, Velox and Cresta, Wolseley 15/50.

Small and Useful: Austin A.35, Ford Anglia and Prefect, Isetta, Morris 1000, Renault (British-built) Dauphine, Standard 8, 10 and Pennant, Wolseley 1500.

Sports Types: Aston Martin, Austin Healey, Bristol 405, Jaguar 2.4, 3.4 and XK. 150, Jensen, M.G. "A," Triumph TR.

Country Cars: Austin Countryman, Ford Escort and Squire, Hillman Estate Car and Husky, Land-Rover, Morris Traveller, Standard Companion, Vauxhall Dormobile.

The foregoing list would be incomplete without mention of some foreign cars which, although not actually assembled in Britain, are well known on the home market. These include: Alfa-Romeo (Italian), B.M.W. (German), Borgward (German), Buick (U.S.), Cadillac (U.S.), Chevrolet (U.S.), Chrysler (U.S.), Fiat (Italian), Goggomobil (German), Hudson (U.S.), Lancia (Italian), Mercedes-Benz (German), Nash (U.S.), Packard (U.S.), Panhard (French), Peugeot (French), Plymouth (U.S.), Pontiac (U.S.), Porsche (German), Simca (French), Studebaker (U.S.), Volkswagen (German).

The range of cars available to the British buyer is, therefore, a wide one, and while it is hardly possible in the scope of a short article to enter into a description of the features and merits of every make, it is safe to say that in the case of only one is there any revolutionary breakaway from traditional practice. This is the Cadillac Eldorado Brougham (which at the time of writing it is not certain will be at the Earls Court Show): it has pneumatic suspension which, in the opinion of many leading automobile engineers, may well supersede other forms of springing in the fairly near future. DUDLEY NOBLE.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Why 7 per cent. ?

The Government was faced with the problem of heavy international speculative activity against the pound, a queue of militant trade union leaders with proposals for substantial wage increases in their pockets, and the imminence of a critical meeting of the International Monetary Fund authorities. The pressure against sterling had been severe and speculators were carrying out heavy "bear" operations on a considerable scale. Borrowing for capital expenditure continued at a high level, with the nationalized industries and public authorities among the foremost with plans for heavy expenditures, and pressure on the inflationary spiral increasing even without the threat inherent in the autumn list of wage demands backed by vociferous speeches from the union leaders.

In these circumstances the Chancellor and the Prime Minister (I suspect that the latter may have been leading the former in discussions in Cabinet on the need for very firm action) had to convince the world that the Government intended to defend the pound at all costs. They had also to convince the outside world that wage inflation at home would be fought to the death, since foreign operations against sterling were based on the belief that the trade unions had got the bit between their teeth and would force the nation into such an inflationary state that devaluation of the pound would become necessary. As long as the internal purchasing power of the currency continued to decline there was no hope of commanding confidence abroad. The steps necessary to restore confidence and create an internal situation which could diminish the fever of inflation had to be severe. Mild physic had failed: admonitory finger-wagging was ignored: the Chancellor's exhortations ("the public can stop inflation by spending less" type of speech) had not been matched by serious retrenchment by bodies spending public money: the situation, in fact, was showing no improvement on the eve of the International Monetary Fund meeting. The complicated apparatus of physical controls might have been considered. The Government is not in favour of State control of industry and commerce, with all the contest it brings between the machinery of Government and those who try to evade the network of restrictions. The monetary weapon seemed preferable even with its inevitable dangers, and to make it work it had to be severe.

7 per cent. at Work

The 2 per cent. rise in Bank rate is first of all a signal that the Government is really tough in its intention to defend the pound, and "bears" of sterling will therefore find themselves "squeezed." Such a high interest rate will attract money from abroad and thus help to reverse the trend. The rate will be expensive for the Government, but the Chancellor has evidently calculated the cost and believes the compensating advantages outweigh the liabilities.

Above all, the high rate is calculated to check inflation at home, especially when taken in conjunction with the further measures announced by the Chancellor—a brake on spending by Government Departments, nationalized industries and local authorities, restriction of lending in the private sector to the average of the last twelve months, and a tightening of restrictions on industry's demands for new money.

It is too early to guess how these plans will work in practice. At the moment of writing the reaction of the foreign exchange markets has proved disappointing, but the I.M.F. and World Bank meetings in Washington are still in progress, and their outcome could help to strengthen the pound. Indeed, they may lead to a closer examination of world trade and financial difficulties as a basic international problem. The possibility of a general recession in world trade is realized and the U.K. may be involved in a major realignment of internal financial arrangements, for which the Government's severe measures will the better equip it to plan an essential part.

The curb on the expenditure of both the public and private sectors of industry—of the nationalized industries and local authorities in particular—will have repercussions throughout the economy. Nuclear plant building, road making and repairing, and building plans will be cut down, and the situation described as "over-full employment" will tend to change to one of more balanced supply of labour. For this reason the unions might fight, as they will see the end of their virtual dictatorship in labour relations. If the leaders put the economic facts first and can persuade their flocks to hold their demands for wage increases it will go a long way towards the restoration of confidence. Even the attraction of high interest rates will not encourage foreigners to leave their money in this country if they see industrial



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strife here, and get the impression that their funds might be frozen by a Socialist Government in the measurable future.

This political consideration cannot be ignored. The Government is not popular, as recent bye-elections have shown. The electorate wanted a strong lead and appeasement has been the keynote instead of strength. The strong action now taken is late and if it is not followed by continued strength, particularly if demands for increased wages unrelated to production increases are pressed to threats of industrial war, then the Prime Minister may be forced into a General Election. That is not likely, but in the meantime the foreigner will watch carefully and the pound will not be safe.

For the moment the average man is waiting—and not allowing his thoughts to panic. It is generally hoped that some important lead will emerge from the Washington discussions and believed that it may be a little time before the uncertainty is dissipated and the country sets out on a rather painful road back to prosperity. It is significant, and characteristic, that there has been only a minor volume of selling in the stock markets. The decline has mainly been market readjustments to the new level of interest rates.

Stock Market Reactions

Investors have seen a drastic slide in the market value of their stock. So far the Industrial Index has fallen nearly 8 per cent. and the Government Securities Index just over 6 per cent. These figures may be quite out of line by the time they are read, but as profits are more likely to diminish than to increase over the next year there will be no urge to push the level of prices on to a lower yield basis than the average of a fraction over 6 per cent., at which industrial equities stand at the moment. An uncomfortable period for investors looms ahead. LOMBARDO.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

WHEN a new recording of a work is cheaper than any of its many competitors, and in the same class as the best of them, it must strongly recommend itself to the prospective purchaser. The work in question is Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, very well played by the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, conducted by George

Szell. It is perhaps a smoother performance than some may like, but I found the conductor's view of it almost always convincing, and especially so in the *Storm* and the final, and very ebullient, rejoicing (Philips SBL5206). What a problem tempi are! Szell may be thought to take the *Scene by the Brook* too fast, and Klemperer the first movement of Mozart's G Minor Symphony (K.550) not fast or urgently enough, but the slow movement (*Andante*) of the composer's earlier G Minor Symphony (K.183) too quickly! The conductor fails to convince me his tempo is right in this last instance, but his interesting coupling of these two G Minor works is altogether too memorable to be disregarded on this account. The playing of the Philharmonia Orchestra is superb (Columbia 33CX1457). Markevitch, with the French National Radio Orchestra, has recorded Haydn's "Clock" Symphony, No. 101, D Major, and No. 102 in B flat major. Here again the slow movement of the "Clock" has a quicker tempo than is usual, but it is a piece in lighthearted mood and the conductor may well be right. In any case both symphonies are immensely enjoyable and well recorded (Columbia 33CX1458).

On H.M.V. ALP1480 Sir Thomas Beecham, with the R.P.O., gives us a feast of Sibelius's music. The Seventh Symphony (in a glorious and wonderfully integrated performance) the suite made out of the incidental music to *Pelléas and Mélisande*—occasional material—and the fine sea-piece *Oceanides* (which has a climax almost as forceful as the one in *Tapiola*). As Cecil Gray said, Sibelius took over the French Impressionist technique in this work and made it his own. These two works are also splendidly played.

Moura Lympany, one of our finest pianists, gives a wonderful and very well-recorded performance with the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Walter Susskind, of Prokofiev's fascinating Third Piano Concerto (C major), adding, on the reverse, the one-movement (but sectionalized) First Concerto (D flat major), a student work, pleasant if not very striking (H.M.V. CLP1126).

The broadcast performance of Strauss's *Don Quixote*, which Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra gave in November, 1953, with two members of the orchestra, Frank Miller ('cello) and Carlton Cooley (viola), as soloists, makes a very successful disc on H.M.V. ALP1493, and is one of the great conductor's finest achievements.

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Preludes—in E minor, C minor and A minor

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conducted by FRANCO CARACCIOLLO

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Verdi LA FORZA DEL DESTINO:
Son giunta!... Madre pietosa Vergine;
Il santo nome... La Vergine degli angeli
RENATA TEBALDI and
CESARE SIEPI
CEP 502

Rossini IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA:
All'idea di quel metallo (a & b);
Se il mio nome (a); Dunque io son (b & c)
(a) **ALVINIO MISCIAIO** (b) **ETTORE BASTIANINI**
(c) **GIULIETTA SIMONATO**
CEP 505

Verdi AIDA:
Fu la sorte dell'armi (a & b);
Ciel! mio padre... Rivedrai le foreste (a & c)
(a) **RENATA TEBALDI**
(b) **EBE STIGNANI** (c) **ALDO PROTTI**
CEP 506

Mozart LE NOZZE DI FIGARO:
Non più andrai **CESARE SIEPI**
Voi che sapete **SUZANNE DANCO**
E Susanna non vien... dove sono
LISA DELLA CASA
CEP 507

Mascagni CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA:
Siciliana
MARIO DEL MONACO
Easter Hymn **ELENA NICOLAI**
Ah, il signor vi manda
ELENA NICOLAI and **ALDO PROTTI**
Brindisi
MARIO DEL MONACO with Chorus
CEP 509

Bellini NORMA:
Meco all'altar di venere (a);
Donizetti LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR:
Fra poco a me ricovero...
Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali
MARIO DEL MONACO and
(a) **ATHOS CESARINI**
CEP 516

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Records

Also recommended. Four organ pieces by Frescobaldi, orchestrated by Ghedini, and Petrassi's First Concerto for Orchestra: Academy of St. Cecilia Orchestra, Rome, conducted by Previtali (Decca LXT5271); Massenet's *Scènes Pittoresques* and *Scènes Alsaciennes*: Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Jean Fournet (Philips SBL5202). Stravinsky's ballet (complete) *Le Baiser de la Fée*, with the composer conducting the Cleveland Orchestra (Philips ABL3175).

Chamber Music

The Hungarian String Quartet conclude their notable cycle of the Beethoven Quartets with a fine performance (somewhat too loudly recorded) of the A Minor (Op. 132), but take the deeply emotional slow movement rather too quickly (tempi again!) for my taste. The movement is perhaps too much out of this world for human beings to be able to realize, in performance, its full spiritual beauty. The recording is adequate (Columbia 33CX1460).

Instrumental

At last Dinu Lipatti's exquisitely poetical playing of Chopin's *Barcarolle* has been put on to L.P., together with four Bach transcriptions, two Scarlatti sonatas and Ravel's *Alborada del Gracioso*, a disc to treasure indeed (Columbia 33CX1386).

There is much lovely playing by Walter Gieseking in two discs of Grieg's Lyric Pieces, very well recorded; he treats the charming little pieces with great affection (Columbia 33CX1467-8). Chopin's *Mazurkas* have been recorded complete by Nikita Magaloff, with excellent notes on each one of them by Arthur Hedley. This important venture is carried to a successful conclusion by Magaloff. His playing is not so imaginative or skilled as that of Rubinstein, who recorded most of the pieces on H.M.V. ALP1398-1400, but it is the playing of an artist who thoroughly understands and loves this beautiful and poetic music.

Vocal

There is much to enjoy in Lois Marshall's recital of songs from oratorios by Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, with accompaniments by the L.S.O. conducted by Anthony Bernard. She is at her best in the more reflective numbers such as "Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods" from *Jephtha* (H.M.V. CLP1127). Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore excel themselves in their

RECORDS

recital of songs by Richard Strauss, which includes a fair amount of unfamiliar material and is very well recorded. The singer's lovely *mezza-voce* is beautifully used in *Freundliche Vision*, *Die Nacht*, and *Traum durch die Dämmerung*.

Opera

Mozart and Beecham always spell delight and superlatives only will do for the glorious performance he gives with a fine cast of singers, and the R.P.O., of *The Elopement from the Seraglio*.

Lois Marshall, Ilse Hollweg, Leopold Simoneau, Gerhard Unger and Gottlob Frick

are all inspired by the conductor to give of their best and the orchestral playing is absolutely lovely, the recording first-rate (Columbia 33CX1462-3).

Also recommended. Sullivan's *The Gondoliers*, to be taken with caution by Savoyards, who will find it un-idiomatic, with great pleasure by the rest of us. Excellent recording (H.M.V. ALP1504-5). A fine and, coming from the Prague National Theatre, thoroughly idiomatic performance of Janacek's beautiful opera *Jenufa*, adequately recorded, soloists all good. The conductor is Jaroslav Vogel (Supraphon LPV160-2).

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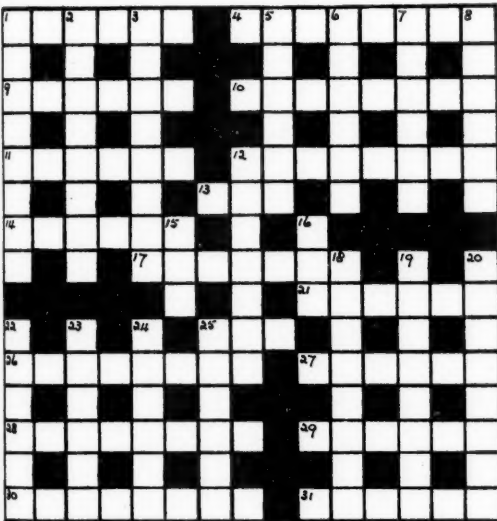
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SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 13

ACROSS.—1. Gage. 3. Hartebeest. 9. Apod. 10. Competence. 12. Disconnected. 15. Pulse. 16. Embassies. 18. Rigoletto. 19. Oscar. 20. Introduction. 24. By-election. 25. Norm. 26. Lion's share. 27. Tsar.

DOWN.—1. Grand opera. 2. Glossology. 4. Adornment. 5. Topic. 6. Butterscotch. 7. Erne. 8. Toes. 11. Money-lenders. 13. Circuitous. 14. Astronomer. 17. Broadmoor. 21. Ratch. 22. Abel. 23. Memo.



CLUES

ACROSS

1. Intense study in a branch of learning. (6)
2. Repeat manufacture to entertain. (8)
3. This may be a gaunt little animal. (6)
4. So late in I'd get left alone. (8)
5. The engineer in mother's visions. (6)
6. Trainer's disconcerting rule. (8)
7. Back room boy. (3)
8. Unruly set twice fly. (6)
9. "Fit to wear your . . . for a glove." Tennyson (*Geraint and Enid*). (7)
10. A canopy for sixpence? (6)
11. Grand finish. (3)
12. Far from simple enclosure. (8)
13. A second witty saying about fellows. (6)
14. Sweet sharp fall. (4, 4)
15. Those in authority should be perfectly straight. (6)
16. This could be the very name for a hero of early mystery! (8)
17. Reveal to us the Roman earth-goddess. (6)

DOWN

1. Not a diet, perhaps, for those who have been upset. (8)
2. Indifferent verse of the Spanish on a bank. (8)
3. It's a bit off, being mean to a girl! (4, 4)
4. Followed to prosecute in the end. (6)
5. How to tell about fifty had a meal. (6)
6. Like carrier off the track. (6)
7. Even Dingley Dell has a terminus. (6)
8. Ponders strange answer. (7)
9. A letter originally as long as one's arm. (3)
10. Secure sheep's return. (3)
11. Our steel, when treated, won't give way. (8)
12. It's heavenly getting up late around here. (8)
13. Objects of professional examinations. (8)
14. It may help one to reach the summit of one's ambition. (3, 3)
15. Should I be around the doctor and I drink. (6)
16. Righteous about nothing agreeable. (6)
17. A breed of rabbits from Aragon. (6)

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